A DELL COMIC

JAN. 10¢

LOONEY TUNES

MERRIE MELODIES

52 pages —
ALL COMICS!

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC. PRESENT

BUGS BUNNY BAFFLERS

G-GEE, I'M GLAD THE RAIN HAS S-STOPPED! NOW, WHAT WAS THAT PROBLEM Y-YOU HAD IN SCHOOL TODAY YOU WANTED ME TO ANSWER?

WELL, PORKY.. IF A FARMER CAN RAISE 980 BUSHELS OF POTATOES IN DRY WEATHER... WHAT CAN HE RAISE IN WET WEATHER?

H-HECK, CICERO, I D-DON'T KNOW! SHUCKS, IT'S R-RAININ' AGAIN!

IF THESE RIDDLES MAKE YOU FROWN, LOOK FOR THE ANSWERS UPSIDE DOWN!

THAT'S EASY, PORKY! AN UMBRELLA!

I GET AWFUL TIRED OF WORKIN' IN TH' GARDEN, PORKY!

B-BUT, C-CICERO, I'M TRYIN' FOR A HORTI...HORTI... GARDENIN' PRIZE!

IF YOU'RE SUCH A GARDENER, PORKY, THEN TELL ME WHAT FLOWER GROWS BETWEEN TH' NOSE AND TH' CHIN?

DON'T BE S-SILLY, CICERO! NO FLOWER DOES!

OH, YES, PORKY! TU-LIPS!

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WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.
PRESENT

BUGS BUNNY

THIS LITTLE MAILBOX OUGHTA BE PLENTY BIG ENOUGH TO HANDLE ANY LETTERS I'LL BE GETTIN'!

HOME OF BUGS BUNNY ESQ.

U.S. MAIL

I AIN'T EVEN GOTTEN A CARD SINCE LAST CHRISTMAS!

U.S. MAIL

HOME OF BUGS BUNNY ESQ.

YIPES! AN AVALANCHE!

WOW! I MUSTA HIT TH' JACKPOT! COULD THIS BE **FAN MAIL** FROM COUNTLESS ADMIRERS?

COULD BE... BUT IT AIN'T! THEY'RE **BILLS**... **ALL BILLS!** HOW HOOMILERATIN'!

BILLS! BILLS! BILLS! HOW'M I GONNA PAY 'EM? IF THERE EVER WAS A BUSTED BUNNY, **IT'S ME!**

L•M• III-51

OH, WELL... MAYBE I'LL THINK OF SOME WAY OUT OF MY DIFFICULTY, WHILST I GNAW ON A CARROT!

OH-H! TH' CARROT-DELIVERY MAN LEFT A NOTE TODAY! SHUCKS! I DIDN'T KNOW HE CARED!

ATTENTION_BUGS BUNNY: THIS IS THE LAST CARROT YOU'LL GET UNTIL YOU PAY YOUR BILL. AFFECTIONATELY J. A. McNinnside GRADE A CARROT CO

AS TH' SODA JERK SAID, "THAT'S TH' LAST STRAW!" I GOTTA FIGGER OUT SOME WAY...

LEMME SEE!

WALK UPSTAIRS AND SAVE $10.00

SAM'S SLOPPY SUITS

WALK UPSTAIRS AND SAVE $10.00... EUREKA! THAT'S FOR ME!

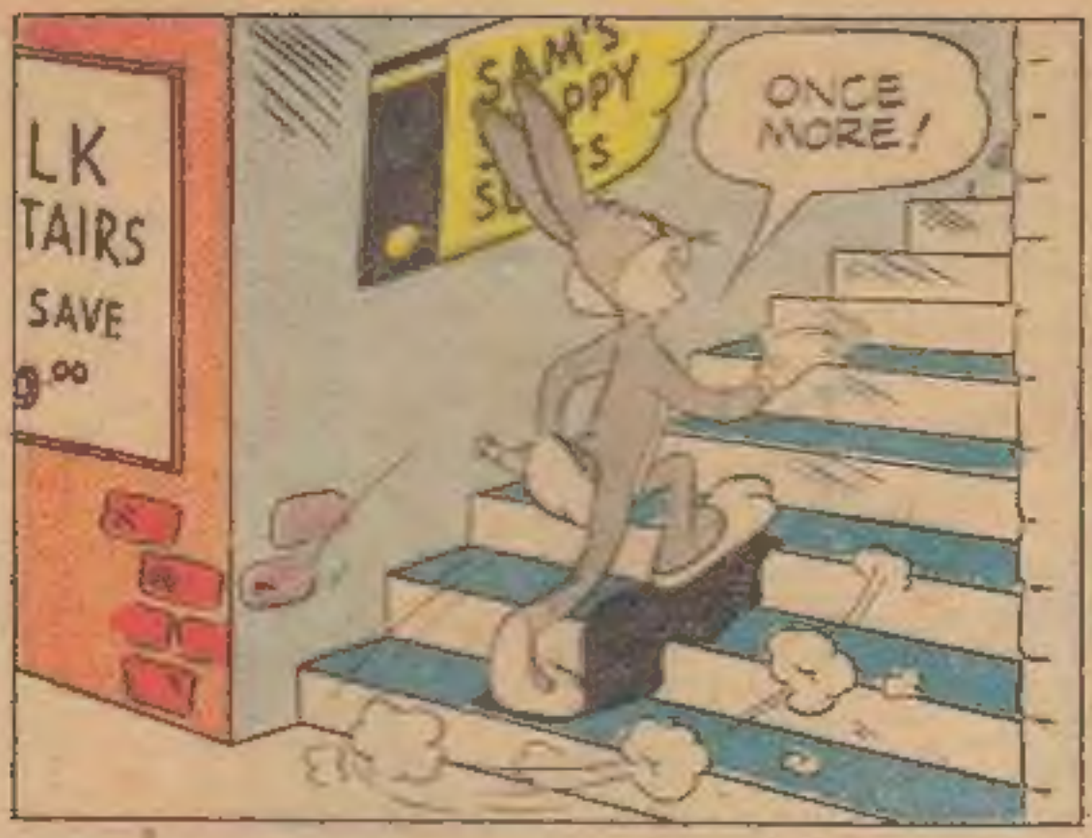
WALK UPSTAIR AND SAVE $10.00

OH, DEM GOLDEN STAIRS...

WALK UPSTAIRS AND SAVE $10.00

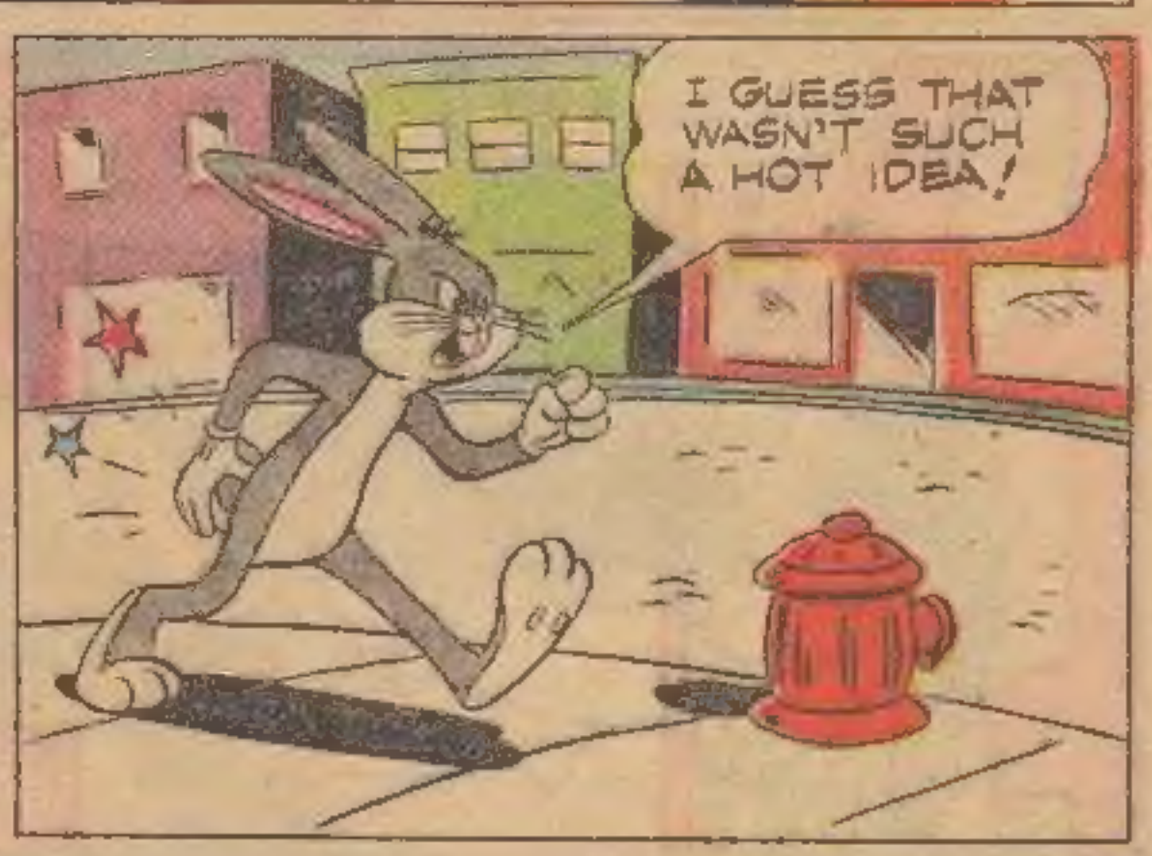
SAM'S SLOPPY SUITS

YES, INDEEDY!

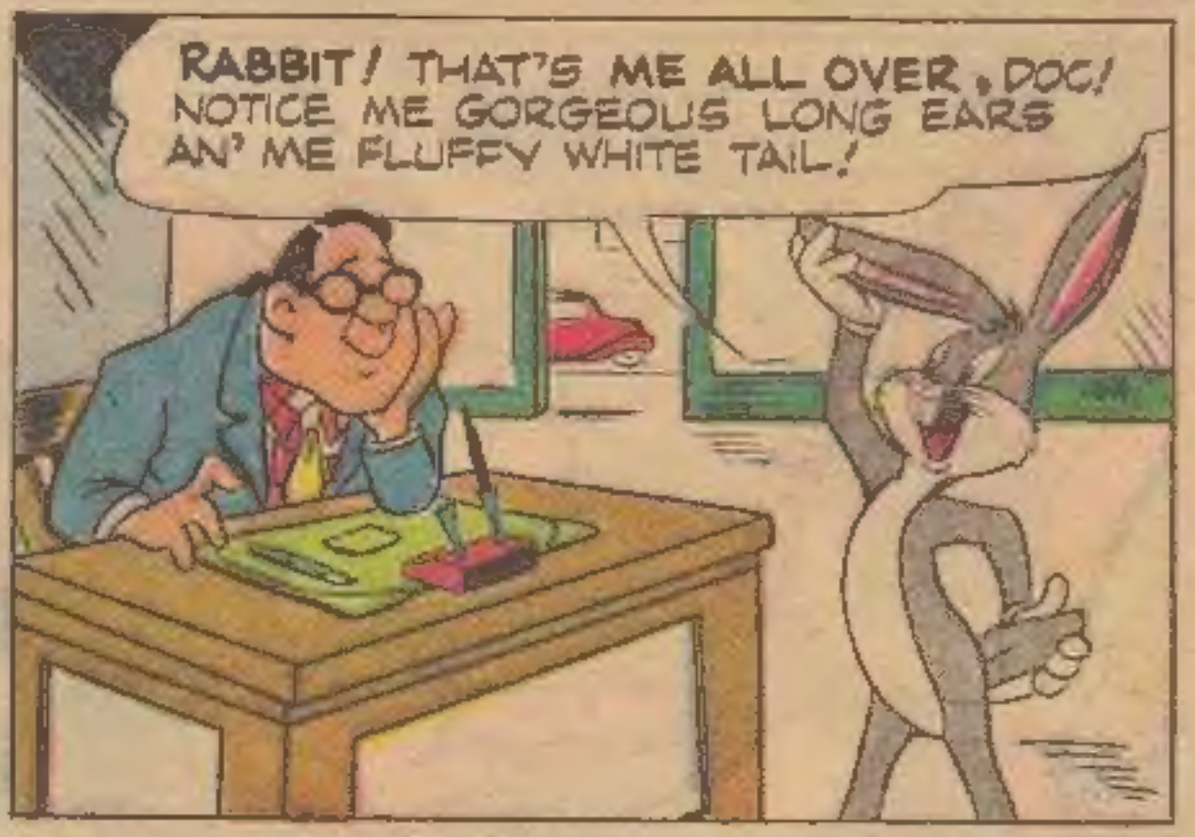

LK
TAIRS
SAVE
9.00
SAM'S
SLOPPY
SUITS
ONCE MORE!

OKAY, DOC... PAY ME! I WALKED UPSTAIRS TWICE! THAT'S TWENTY BUCKS YA OWE ME!
Suits 50% Off

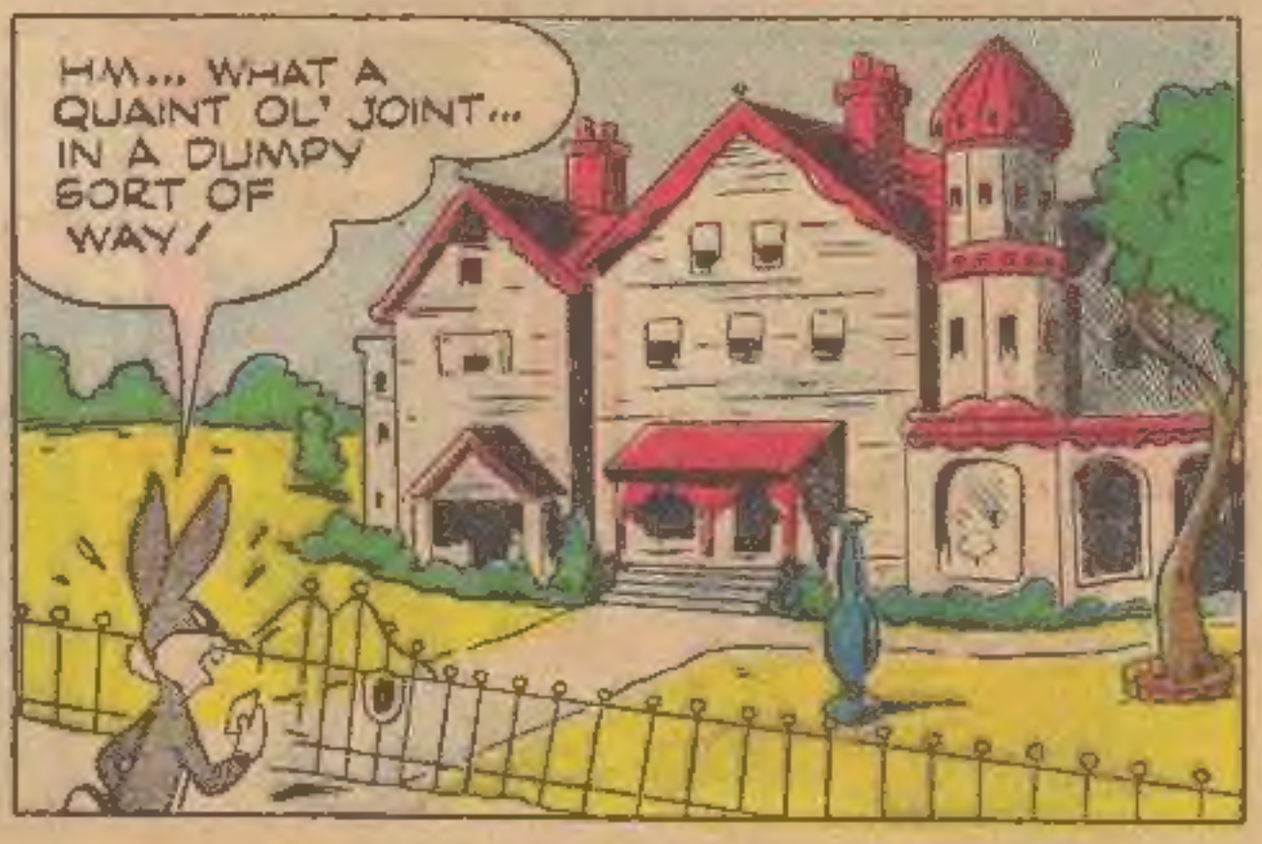
WALK
UPSTAIRS
AND SAVE
$10.00
SAM'S
SLOPPY
SUITS


I GUESS THAT WASN'T SUCH A HOT IDEA!

EMPLOYME
OFFICE
WHAT'S THIS?
RABBIT WANTED


RABBIT! THAT'S ME ALL OVER, DOC! NOTICE ME GORGEOUS LONG EARS AN' ME FLUFFY WHITE TAIL!

YOU'LL DO! HERE! GO TO THIS ADDRESS AND ASK FOR MISTER COLE SLAW!


HM... WHAT A QUAINT OL' JOINT... IN A DUMPY SORT OF WAY!

I HOPE HE'S HOME!

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

GREETIN'S, DOC! IS MISTER COLE SLAW IN? I WAS SENT OUT BY TH' REPLOYMENT AGENCY! Y'SEE, I'M A RABBIT AN'...

SO I SEE!

DO COME IN!

LEAD ON, CHAUNCEY, M'GOOD MAN!

SOME JOINT! I THINK I'M GONNA LIKE IT HERE!

JUST HAVE A CHAIR!

WELL! WELL! I SEE HE HAS ARRIVED!

WHAT A PEECULIAR TWERP! HE SHAKES MY FOOT, INSTEAD OF MY HAND!

HM-M-

THANKS FOR YER AUTYGRAF, DOC!

MIGOSH! TH' GUY WRITES IN MORSE CODE!

TH' SAW, SIMSON!

BY THE WAY, MISTER COLE SLAW, WHAT IS YOUR BUSINESS?

I AM A COLLECTOR!

COLLECTOR, HUH?

YES.. I COLLECT **RABBITS' FEET!**

NOT MINE, YA DON'T!

(PUFF! PUFF!) WHAT A NARROW ESCAPE!

CRASH

PORKY! IMAGINE RUNNIN' INTO YOU HERE! WHAT WERE YOU DOIN'? **READIN' BETWEEN TH' LIONS?** *HEH! HEH!*

GET IT, CHUM?

EH-H... WHAT'S TH' BOOK, PAL?

IT'S A S-SWELL BOOK!

IT T-TELLS...

HOW TO GET RICH BE A SUCCESSFUL SALESMAN

COULD I BORROW IT, CHUM? I'M IN DESPRIT NEED O' GETTIN' RICH!

OKAY, B-BUGS... I HOPE IT H-HELPS!

SO L-LONG, BUGS!

SO LONG, PORKY! HMM... LEMME SEE NOW...

SAYS HERE... "IN ORDER TO BECOME A SUCCESSFUL SALESMAN, ONE SHOULD HAVE SOMETHING TO SELL." HMM - THAT FIGGERS!

HOW TO GET RICH

'TH' MOST COMMON ARTICLE SOLD IN DOOR TO DOOR SELLING IS TH' VACUUM CLEANER!"

HEY! THERE'S A VACUUM CLEANER SALESMAN NOW! YIPES! AN' LOOK AT TH' MONEY HE HAS!

I'LL JUST FOLLOW AN' WATCH HIM... AN' SEE IF HE SELLS ACCORDIN' TO THIS BOOK!

HIS CUSTOMER APPROACH SEEMS OKAY!.. ACCORDIN' TO DIAGRAM NUMBER ONE!

"IF NECESSARY, TH' SALESMAN SHOULD STICK HIS FOOT IN DOORWAY TO AVOID HAVING DOOR SLAMMED IN HIS FACE!"

GUESS THAT WASN'T NECESSARY! HE'S ALREADY MADE A SALE!

BEGGIN' YER PARDON, DOC! I'M INTERESTED IN SELLING, AN' I WANT TO ASK YA WHAT YA THINK OF THIS BOOK?

OH, SURE... I KNOW ABOUT THAT BOOK! IN FACT I KNOW THE AUTHOR! HE'S RIGHT UP THE STREET!

AN' IS HE A SALESMAN, TOO?

SURE! THAT'S HIM! HE SPECIALIZES IN PENCILS!

YIPE!

THAT'S ALL, BROTHER!

TRASH
KEEP YOUR

IF YOU'RE REALLY INTERESTED IN SELLING, GO DOWN AND SEE MISTER SLEMP! HE'S SALES MANAGER OF THE ACME VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY!

THANKS, DOC!

HAVE A SEAT ... MISTER SLEMP WILL SEE IN A FEW MINUTES!

MR. SLEMP

THANKS, SIS!

AFTER THIS, WATCH OUT WHEN YOU HAVE YOUR FOOT IN THE PROSPECT'S DOOR!

YES, SIR, MISTER SLEMP!

AND YOU'D BETTER LEAVE YOUR TRUNK OUTSIDE AFTER THIS, JUMBO!

YETH, THIR!

HM-M... SELLIN' VACUUM CLEANERS LOOKS LIKE A DANGEROUS BUSINESS /.. I THINK I'LL SIGN!

OH, NO, YOU DON'T, YOUNG MAN! I **NEED** YOU!

ULP!

MY ORGANIZATION CAN **USE** A GOOD **FAST MAN** LIKE YOURSELF!

US BUNNIES ARE PLENTY FAST ALL RIGHT, BUT...

ALL RIGHT... GO RUN AROUND THE BLOCK! I'LL TIME YOU! ON YOUR MARK! GET SET!...

GO!

ZIP!

EGADS! WHAT WAS THAT?

INEQUITY BUILDING

ZIP!

ZIP!

LOOK! A FLYING SAUCER!

SPLENDID! FOUR SECONDS FLAT! EXCELLENT TIME! YOU QUALIFY!

HERE'S OUR NEW TRAILER SIZE VACUUM CLEANER. YOU SHOULD BE A WHIZ AT SELLING THEM! HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO ...

LATER

I HOPE IT'S AS EASY AS MISTER SLEMP MADE IT SOUND!

END OF CITY LIMITS

AH, HA! A TRAILER APPROACHES! NOW I'DO MY STUFF!

HIGHWAY 99 3/4

ANGK! THUK!

GREETIN'S! ARE YOU TH' LADY OF TH' HOUSE TRAILER?

YES!

LADY, JUST CAST YER PEEPERS ON THIS SPIFFY LITTLE NOVEER...

WE DON'T WANT ANY!

L-M 111-511 (9)

OH, WELL ... REMEMBER TH' OLD SAYIN'... "FAINT HEART NEVER SOLD VACUUM CLEANERS!" I'LL TRY AGAIN!

75 TRAILERS LATER

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE TH' LITTLE WOMAN! HEH! HEH!

JUNIOR! STOP THE CAR!

BUT MA!

JUNIOR? I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE HIM! HE MUST BE A LITTLE SHRIMP!

JUNIOR!

SCREECH

EEK!

KLOMP!

KLOMP!

KLOMP!

WHAT'S IT, MA?

HE'S ONE OF THOSE PESKY VACUUM CLEANER PEDDLERS!

YES, BUT, LADY, I...

LISSEN, BUDDY! WE SOLD OUR HOME AND TOOK TO A TRAILER JUST TO GET AWAY FROM PESTS LIKE YOU! HERE! GIMME THAT THING!

CRACKLE! CRUNCH!

YIPE! HE MADE A PRETZEL OF IT!

WHAT A DAY! IF I DIDN'T HAVE ALL THEM BILLS STARIN' ME IN TH' FACE, I'D FERGET ABOUT THIS WORK STUFF!

CITY LIMITS

I'LL BEST AWHILE! MAYBE I'LL THINK OF AN EASY WAY TO RAISE TH' DOUGH!

WAKE UP! DON'T YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T LOAF IN THIS PARK?

LOAF? WHO'S LOAFIN'?

I BELONG HERE! I WORK HERE!

OH! YEAH? WHAT DO YOU DO?

WHY...ER... I'M TH' RELIEF PICKER-UPPER AROUND HERE!

OKAY, GRAN'POP! I'M YOUR RELIEF MAN! I'LL TAKE OVER YER JOB NOW!

EH?... IF YOU INSIST, SON! AND THANKS!

HOURS LATER

OKAY! YOU CA[illegible] OFF, NOW! I'M [illegible] YOU ARE ONE [illegible] FINE WORKERS

HOW DID I LET MYSELF GET HOOKED INTO THAT JOB?

THERE WASN'T EVEN ANY PAY ATTACHED TO IT! WOE IS ME!

THEM INFERNAL BILLS IS TH' CAUSE OF IT ALL!

DRUGS

MAYBE A SODY WOULD PEP ME UP!

A CHOC'LIT SODY... AN' JUST PUT IT ON MY BILL!

ARE YOU K DOIN'? NOBODY IN THEIR R.GHT MIND WOULD SELL YOU ANYTHING ON CREDIT!

HEY! THAT'S R.GHT! COME TO TH NK OF IT... MY CREDICK A'N'T GOOD ANYPLACE!

[illegible]

I BETTER HAVE ANOTHER LOOK AT THEM BILLS!

DRUGS

SORRY, BUGS! WE DELIVERED BOBO BUNNY'S MAIL TO YOUR PLACE BY MISTAKE! HOPE IT DIDN'T INCONVENIENCE YOU ANY!

[illegible] BOBO BUNNY

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC
PRESENT

PORKY PIG

OH BOY! TH-THIS IS REALLY S-SOMETHING!

AND I'S A-ALL MINE! A-ALL MINE!

WAIT'LL B-BUGS HEARS ABOUT TH-THIS!

WHAT'S UP DOC?

I INHERITED AN ABANDONED L-LIGHTHOUSE!!

WHAT?

NOW WHO W'SHED A TH'NG LIKE THAT ON YA?

MY C-COUSN EBB LEFT IT TO M-ME IN HIS W-WILL!

LATER..

I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M TAGGIN' ALONG! I'M NOT INTERESTED IN LIGHTHOUSES!

YOU'LL LIKE TH-THIS ONE, B-BUGS!

OH, B-BOY! THAT M-MUST BE IT! IT'S THE ONLY ONE AROUND HERE!

PRETTY S-SWELL, EH?

PRETTY FAR OUT, TOO! HOW DO WE GET THERE? FLY?

YEAH... H-HERE'S ONE! WE CAN R-ROW OUT TO IT!

YOU KNOW, IT 'SN'T E-EVERYONE THAT'S LUCKY ENOUGH TO OWN A L-L- L-IGHTHOUSE!

I 'SN'T EVERYONE THAT *WANTS* ONE!

TH-THIS S GONG TO BE FUN! I'VE NEVER B-BEEN IN A LIGHTHOUSE B-BEFORE!

THAT MAKES TWO OF US, DOC!

J-JUST TH-NK, B-BUGS! ALL OF THIS IS *M-MINE!* ALL M-M-M.

W-WOW! LOOK AT TH-THIS!

FUR COATS!! *MILLIONS OF 'EM!*

WONDER WH-WHAT THEY'RE D-DOIN' HERE?

I THOUGHT YOU SAID THIS PLACE WAS ABANDONED

FROM THE L-LOOKS OF THINGS SOMEONE HAS BEEN HERE R-RECENTLY! HERE'S LAST WEEK'S N-NEWSPAPER!

HEY!

GET A LOAD OF THIS HEADLINE!

GAZETTE

$100,000 FUR ROBBERY!

POLICE SAY WORK OF FUR SMUGGLING RING

THIEVES LEFT NO CLUES, NO COATS, EITHER!

G-GOLLY! S-S-THAT MUST BE THE GANG'S H-HIDE-OUT! MY L-LIGHTHOUSE!

ONE THING SURE, NOBODY WOULD THINK T'LOOK FER 'EM HERE!

HEY! THERE'S A MOTOR-BOAT COMING TH-THIS WAY! IT MIGHT BE THE G-GANG!

WE'D BETTER HIDE AN' DO A LITTLE DETECTIN'!

WE CAN H-H-DE AT THE TOP OF THIS S-STAIRWAY!

I'M RIGHT BEHIND YA, CHUM!

MY G-GOODNESS! A PELICAN! THIS P-PLACE IS FULL OF S-SURPRISES!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, MATE!

I GREATLY RESENT BEING CALLED A FEARFUL CHARACTER!

WHY DON'T YOU REPORT 'EM TO TH' POLICE?

I'M NOT A *STOOL PIGEON*... I'M A *PELICAN*... AND PELICANS DON'T TALK!

OH, BROTHER!

SH-H-H! TH-THEY'RE DOCKING THEIR B-BOAT!

WHAT'S THAT ROWBOAT DO'N' HERE?

BE-T- [illegible]

SEARCH THE LIGHTHOUSE! WE CAN'T HAVE ANY SNOOPERS AROUND HERE!

R GHT, McM.NK'

F THERE'S ANYONE IN HERE, THEY WON'T BE HARD TO F.ND!

HE S [illegible] US'

C-COME ON, BOSS, OVER THE S-S DE'

DON'T LOOK D-DOWN, BUGS! YOU'LL G-GET D ZZY!

I MUSTA BEEN DIZZY WHEN I CAME HERE N TH' F RST PLACE!

SH-H! I C-CAN HEAR 'EM COM N' UP TH' S-STEPS!

THERE'S NO ONE UP HERE BUT THAT STUP D-LOOKIN' PELICAN!

I'M SURE HE D.D N' KOW THAT BOAT!

MAYBE TH' BOAT JUST DR FTED OUT, BOSS!

COME ON! LET'S GET BUSY AN' LOAD THOSE FURS!

D-DO YOU THINK IT'S S-SAFE TO GO IN N-NOW BUGS?

I COULDN'T BE AN *UNSAFER* PLACE HANGIN' OVER THIS CLIFF!

TH-THANKS FOR NOT TELLING 'EM WHERE WE WHERE!

YEAH, THAT WAS REAL NICE OF YA, PELKY, OL' BOY!

BUGS! WE'VE G-GOT TO GET TO THE SH-SHORE PATROL BEFORE THE S-SMUGGLERS LEAVE!

BUT HOW?..

WE DON'T *DARE* TRY TO GO DOWN THOSE STAIRS! THEY'D BE SURE TO SEE US!

TH-THEEE MUST BE S-SOMEWAY TO SNEAK BY THEM, AN'..

NOT *ME*, CHUM! I DON'T WANNA ADD A *RABBIT* FUR TO THEIR COLLECTION!

I-I'VE GOT IT! TH-THIS SOLVES EVERYTHING!

PELK! HOW ABOUT *YOU* FLYING TO THE SH-SHORE PATROL AN' TELLING 'EM ABOUT THE FUR ROBBERS?

HOW MANY TIMES MUST I *TELL* YOU..

I'M *NOT* A STOOL PIGEON. I'M A *PELICAN!*

OKAY, M-M STER PEL CAN! JUST FOR TH-THAT, YOU CAN PACK UP AN' M-MOVE!

SINCE YOU PUT IT *THAT* WAY, I *WILL!*

HERE'S A LONG ROPE, PORKY! MAY-BE WE COULD SLIDE DOWN TH' OUTSIDE WITHOUT BEIN' SEEN!

S-S-SEE THAT OUG-S-SEN'

IF IT DOESN'T, WE WON'T GET ANOTHER CHANCE!

I'LL G-GO FIRST!

G-GOLLY! I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER IF THIS S SUCH A G-GOOD IDEA, AFTER ALL!

HEY, McMINK! LOOK WHAT'S OUT TH' WINDOW! THERE *ARE* SNOOPERS ABOUT!

GET 'EM IN HERE! THEY MUSTN'T ESCAPE! THEY'VE SEEN TOO MUCH!

ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO! GET IN HERE AN' NO FUNNY BUSINESS!

B'LEVE ME, DOC, I DON'T FEEL A BIT FUNNY!

TIE 'EM UP AN' PUT 'EM IN THEIR BOAT!

THE WAVES'LL DAS-'EM AGAINST THE ROCKS THAT'LL FIX 'EM!

COME ON! LET'S LOAD THIS STUFF AN' GET OUTA HERE!

IT'S ONLY A M-MATTER OF TIME BEFORE WE'RE D-DASHED TO BITS!

THOSE ROCKS ARE GETTIN' CLOSER BY TH' MINUTE!

MEANWHILE,

IT'S GONNA BE TOUGH FINDIN' ANOTHER DESERTED LIGHTHOUSE!

SURE HATE T' LEAVE THIS PLACE!

HEY! TH-THERE'S THE PELICAN!

MAYBE HE CAN HELP US! HEY! HEY, PELKY!

MAYBE I CAN WORK AN ANGLE ON THESE STUPES!

I'LL-I'LL *GIVE* YOU THE *L-LIGHTHOUSE* IF YOU'LL TELL THE SH-SHORE PATROL TO COME AT ONCE!

THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN WA.T.N' TO HEAR, MATE!... WA T R.GHT HERE!

W-WON'T BE LONG NOW, B-BUGS! A FEW MORE WAVES AND W-WE'LL BE AMONG THE M-M SSING!

LOOK! THERE'S THE SHORE PATROL!

WE CAN'T GET ANY CLOSER TO THE ROCKS, BOYS!

H-HELP! YOU'LE JUST G-GOTTA!

GUESS IT'S UP TO ME!

HURRY! GET THEM ABOARD!

QUICK! THE FUR R-ROBBERS ARE AT THE LIGHT-H-HOUSE!

WE KNOW! THE PELICAN GAVE US YOUR MESSAGE!

WE'RE J-JUST IN TIME! THEY'RE T-TRYING TO MAKE THEIR G-GETAWAY!

-EH-HEH-HEH! THEY'RE RUNNIN' LIKE SCARED RABB-TS!

UP WITH 'EM! YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!

WHO'S THE STOOL PIGEON THAT SNITCHED ON US?

I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW H-HE'S *NOT* A STOOL PIGEON! HE'S A *P-PELICAN!*

THANKS, MATE

BUT ON SECOND THOUGHT... I MAY BE A WEE BIT RELATED TO THE STOOL PIGEON, AT THAT! HEH HEH!

ANYWAY, P-PELKY THE L-IGHTHOUSE IS *Y-YOURS!* A PROMISE IS A P-PROMISE!

THANKS, MATES! DROP IN SOMETIME, IF YOU'RE EVER OUT THIS WAY!

WE'LL DO THAT! SO LONG!

B-BYE!

LATER.

WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE NOW MINUS ONE LIGHTHOUSE, PAL!

J-JUST BETWEEN YOU AND M-ME, I THINK I'M MINUS *ONE BIG H-HEADACHE*, TOO!

WARNER BROS CARTOONS, INC.

Present

ELMER FUDD

THIS IS CERTAINLY GOING TO MAKE A BEAUTIFUL CHWISTMAS TWEE!

I'LL DECORATE IT WITH AFFECTION AND BE THE PWOUDEST BOY IN THE WHOLE WIDE WOWLD!

THE CHWISTMAS SEASON MAKES ME FEEL WEAL GOOD! I'M NOT MAD AT ANYONE...

I THINK I COULD EVEN STAND THE SIGHT OF THAT PESKY WABBIT!

MERRY CHRISTMAS, DOC!

CHWISTMAS ISN'T UNTIL TOMOWWOW, BUGS!

HOW DO YA LIKE THAT? I GUESS MY CALENDER MUST BE RUNNING FAST AGAIN!

WOULD YA LIKE TO GIVE ME MY PRESENT **NOW**, OR SHOULD I COME BACK TOMORROW?

OF ALL THE NERVE!

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'D GIVE YOU A PWESENT! YOU DO NOTHING BUT PLAY TWICKS ON ME A WHOLE YEAR LONG!

HUMPH! WHAT A DISGUSTIN' CHRISTMAS SPIRIT YOU'VE GOT! GOOD-BYE!

LIKEWISE!

I GOT A NOTION NOT TO GIVE HIM THE PWESENT I BOUGHT FOR HIM! IT WOULD SERVE HIM WIGHT!

MEANWHILE...

XMAS TREES FOR SALE

SEE, THERE'S THE LOCK ON THE DOOR. I'LL FIX HER!

HI, KIDS! GOT YOUR CHRISTMAS TREE UP YET?

I'M AFRAID WE'RE NOT HAVING ONE!

WE DIDN'T? WE DON'T WANT TO DISAPPOINT THE KIDS THIS YEAR!

DON'T HAVE ONE LAST YEAR, EITHER!

Y'SEE, I KNOW OL' SANTA PERSONALLY! I'LL PUT IN A GOOD WORD FOR YA!

GEE...

THANKS, BUNNY!

WHERE DO YOU LIVE? SANTA MIGHTA LOST YOUR ADDRESS!

WE LIVE IN THAT RED HOUSE BY THE RAILROAD TRACKS!

WE'LL BE WAITING!

'BYE!

(GULP!) HOW AM I GONNA BUY A TREE? I HAVEN'T GOT A RED CENT!

HEY! THAT OLD TREE IN ELMER'S YARD WOULD DO TH' JOB VERY NICELY!

HE PROBABLY WON'T EVEN MISS IT!

I'LL JUST TAKE IT OVER TO MY PLACE UNTIL IT'S TIME TO BE DELIVERED!

WAIT A MINUTE! SANTA WOULDN'T DELIVER AN' UNDECORATED TREE! I GOTTA GET SOME ORNAMENTS!

HOME OF B. BUNNY, ESQ.

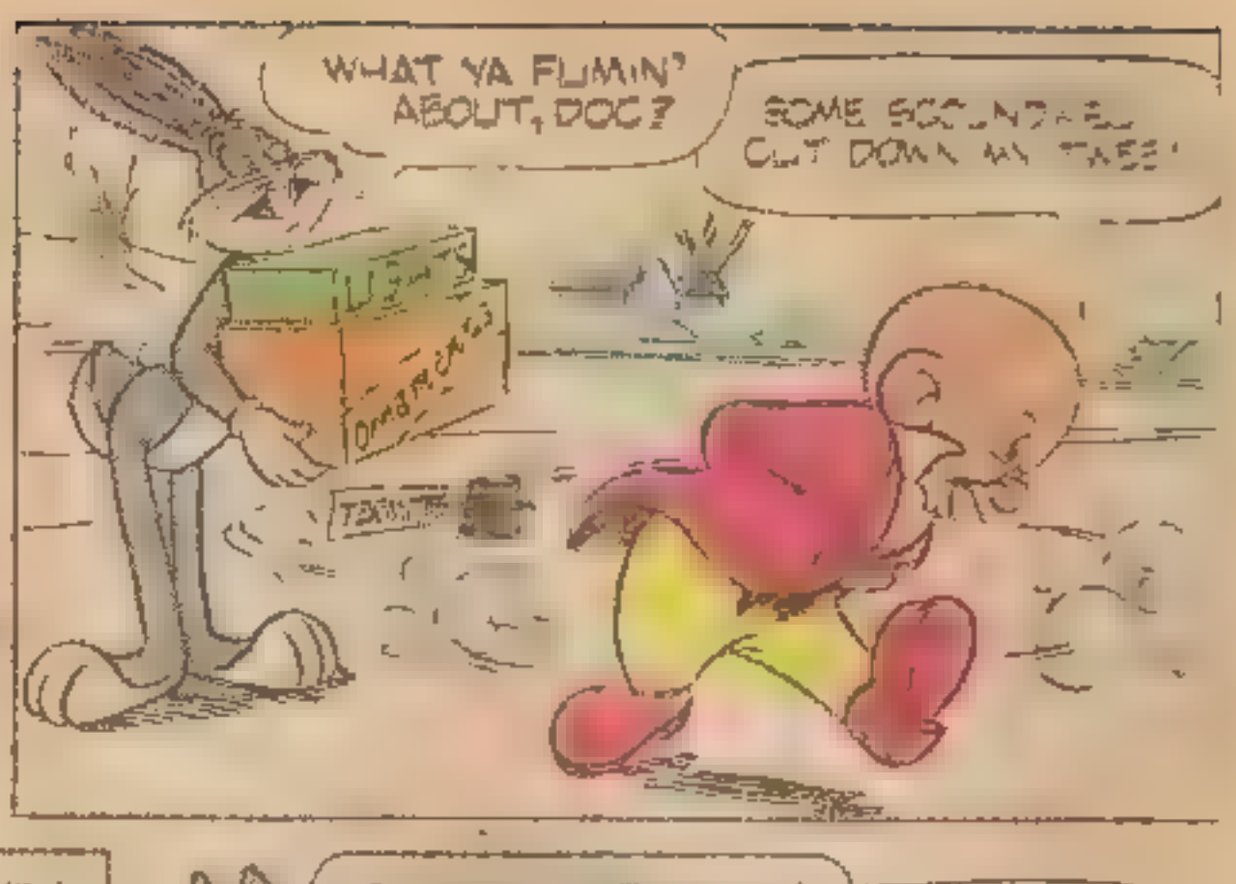
MEANWHILE...

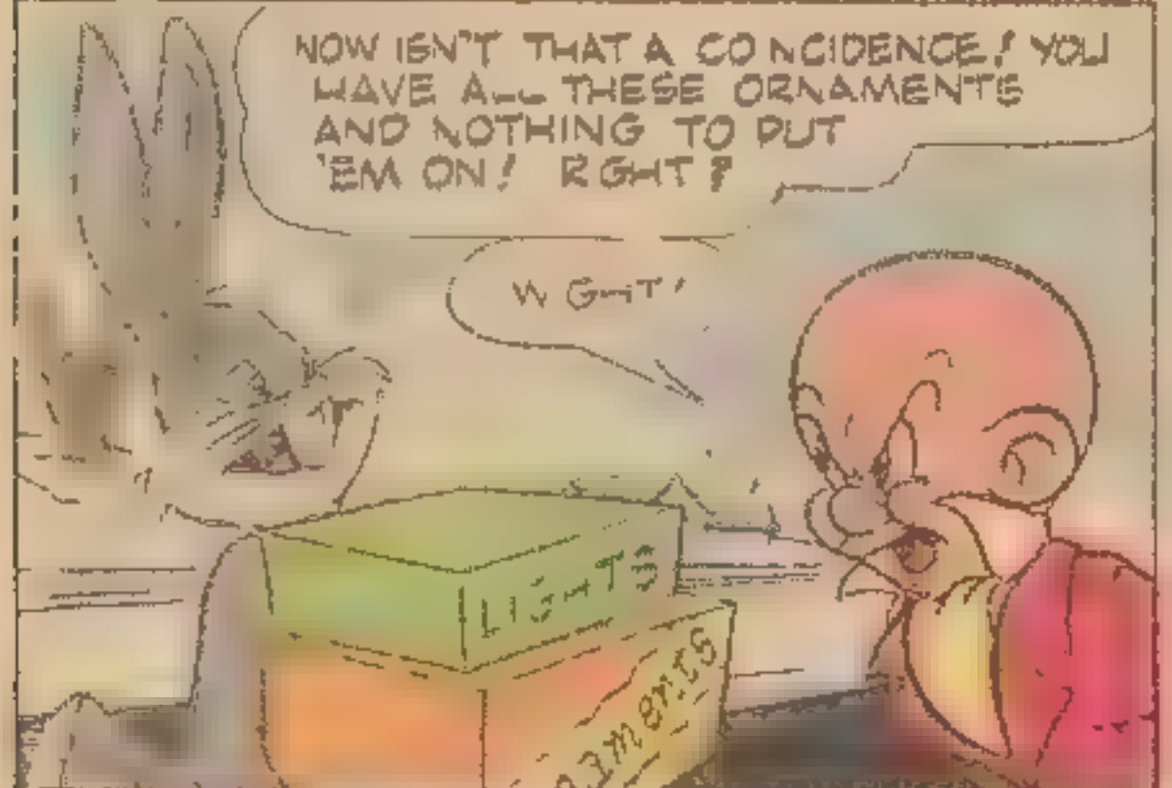
I THINK I'LL DECOWATE THE TWEE NOW, INSTEAD OF WAITING 'TIL THE LAST MINUTE!

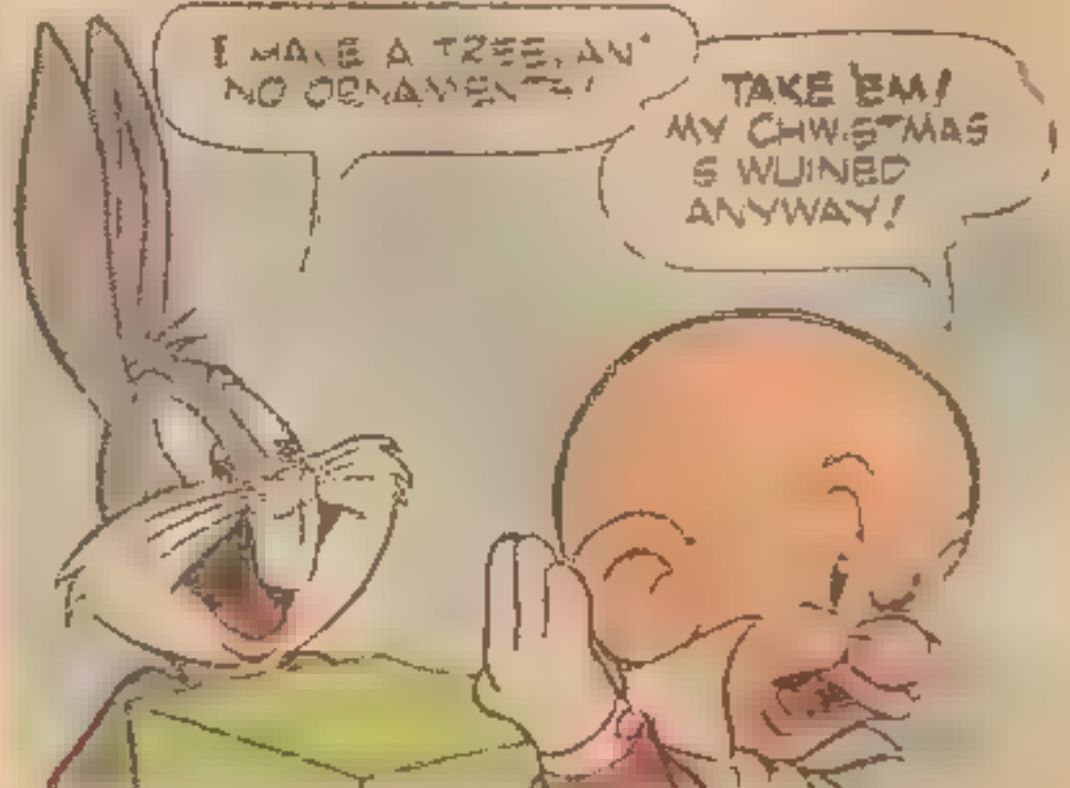
WHAT?! MY BEAUTIFUL TWEE... GONE!

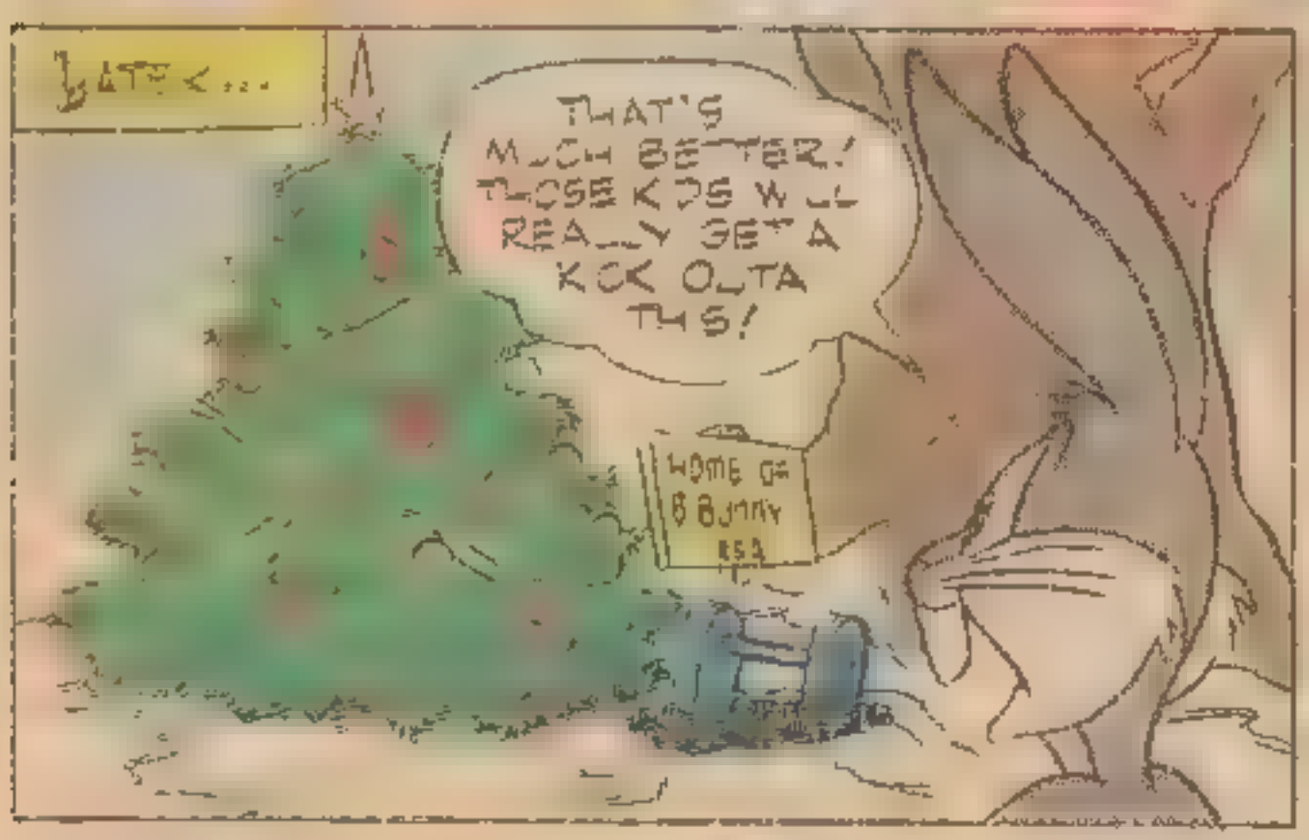
TERMITES

WHAT COULD BE SWEETER?

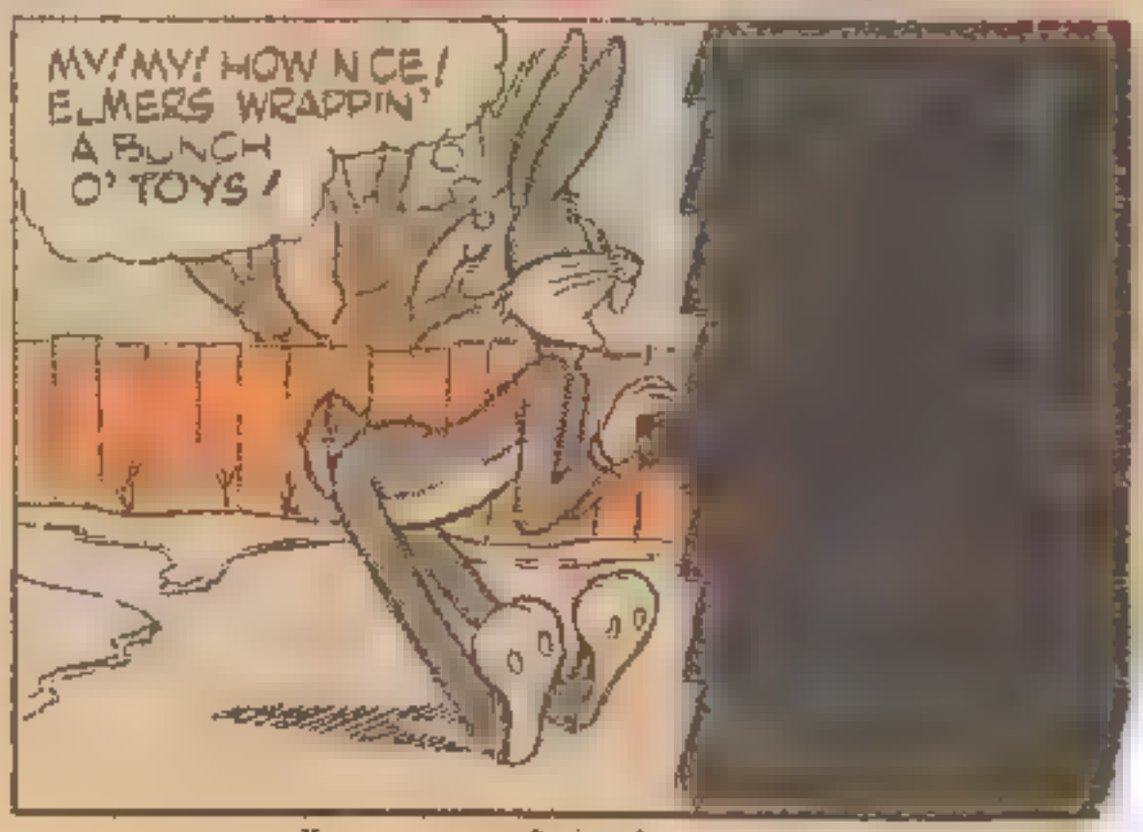

WHAT YA FUMIN' ABOUT, DOC?
SOME SCOUNDREL CUT DOWN MY TREE!
ORNAMENTS
TAPE

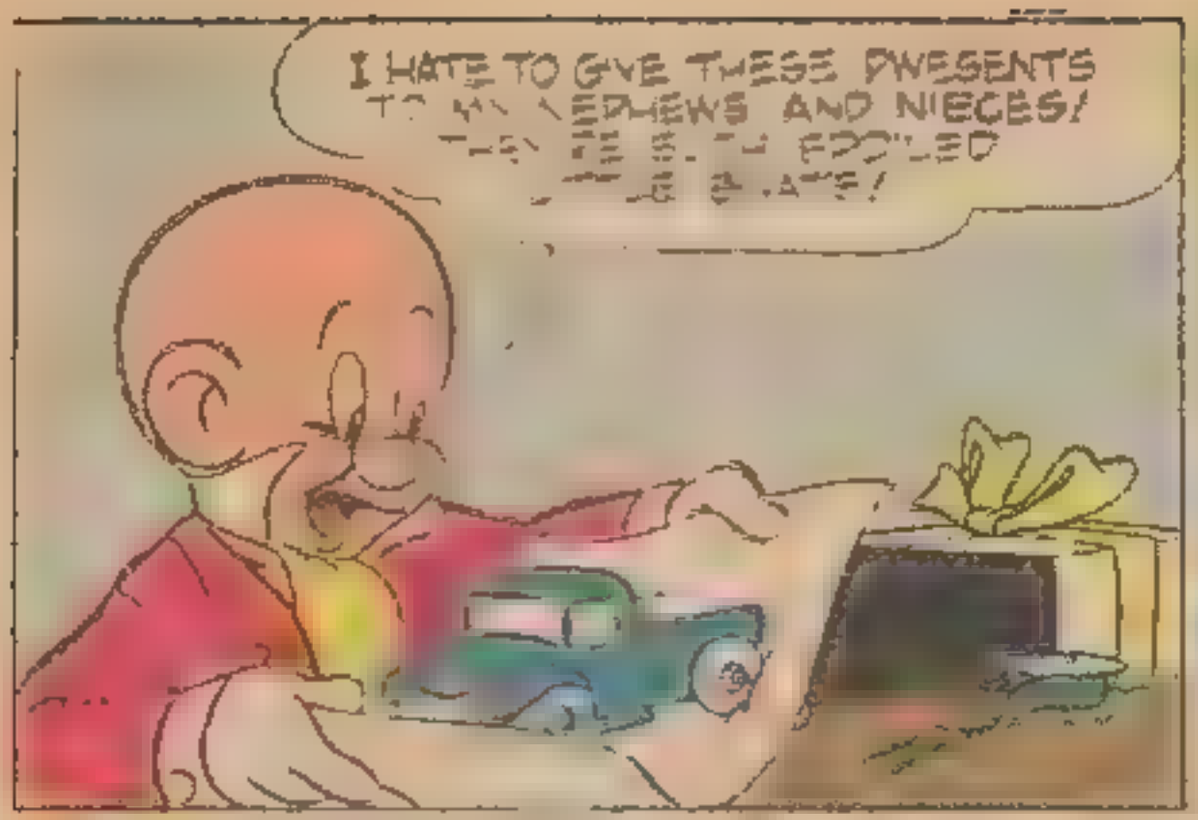

NOW ISN'T THAT A COINCIDENCE! YOU HAVE ALL THESE ORNAMENTS AND NOTHING TO PUT 'EM ON! RIGHT?
WRONG!
LIGHTS
ORNAMENTS

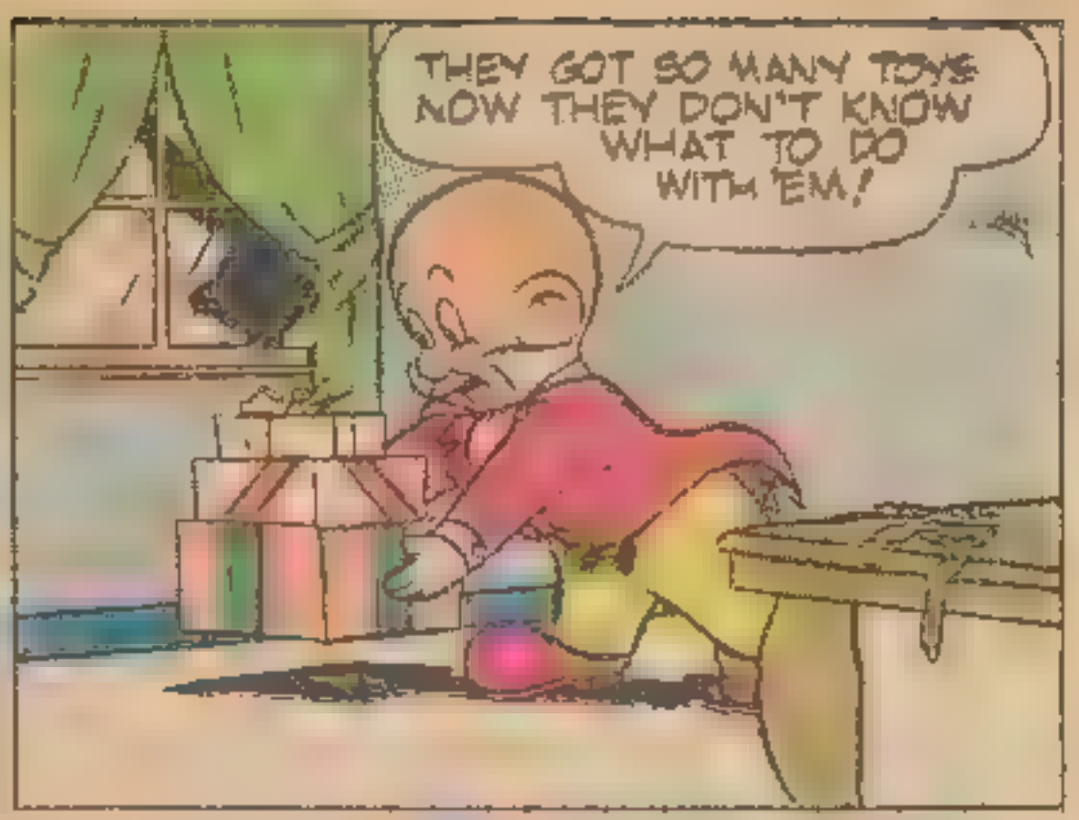

I MADE A TREE, AN' NO ORNAMENTS!
TAKE 'EM! MY CHRISTMAS IS RUINED ANYWAY!

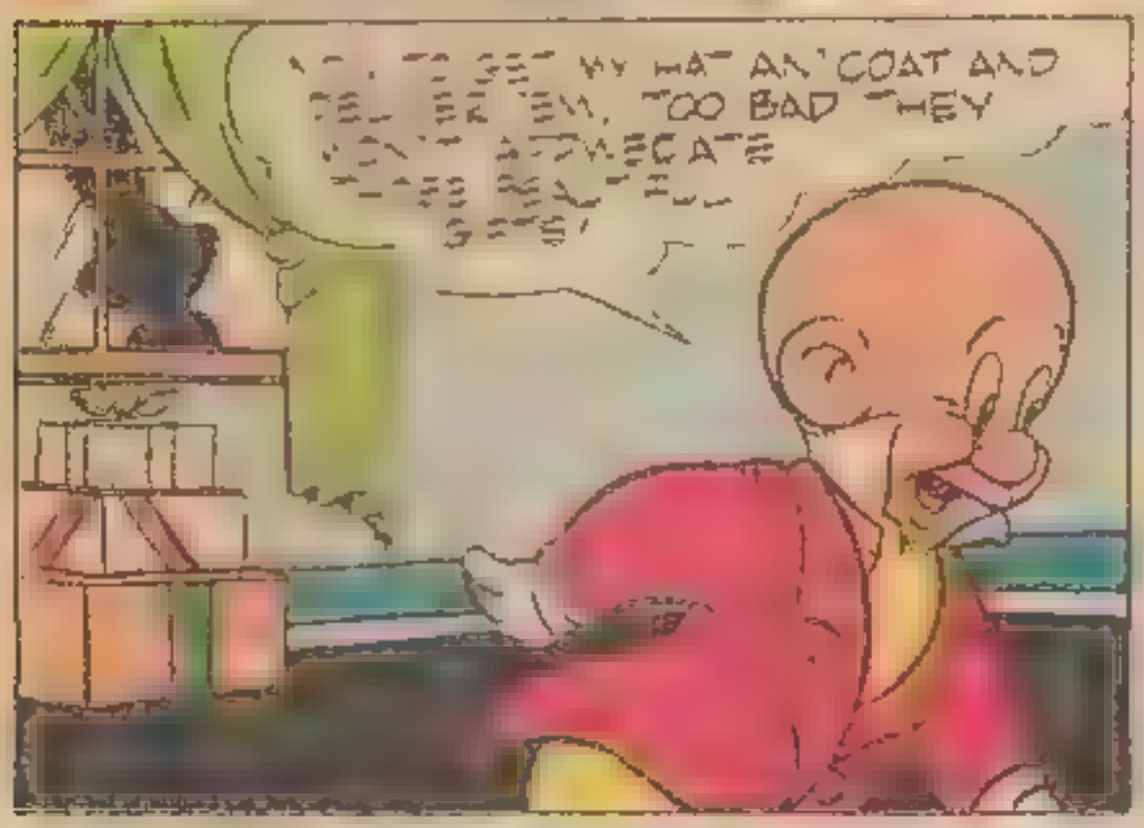

LATER...
THAT'S MUCH BETTER! THOSE KIDS WILL REALLY GET A KICK OUTA THIS!
HOME OF B BUNNY
BUT WAIT! SANTA WOULDN'T LEAVE A CHRISTMAS TREE WITHOUT PUTTIN' SOME PRESENTS UNDERNEATH IT! HMM-M!

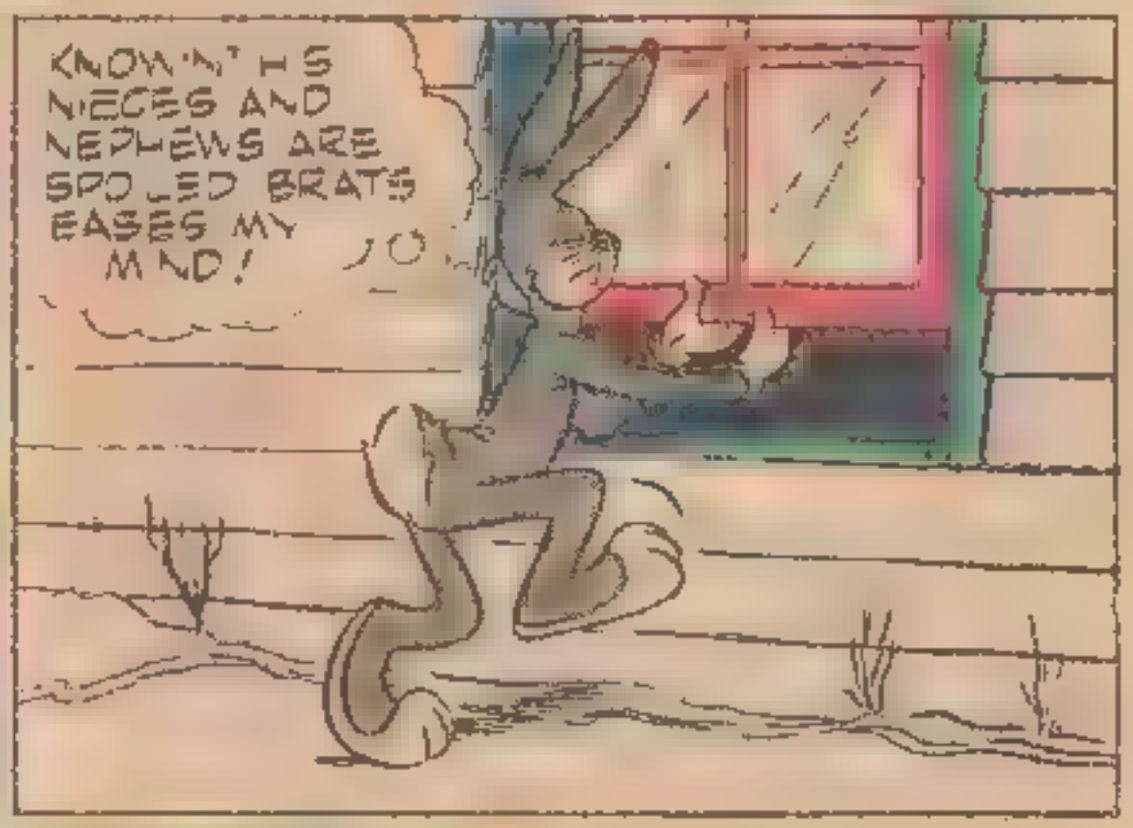
REMEMBER TH' OL' SAYING... "WHERE ONE HAS SUCCEEDED BEFORE.. ONE MAY SUCCEED AGAIN!"

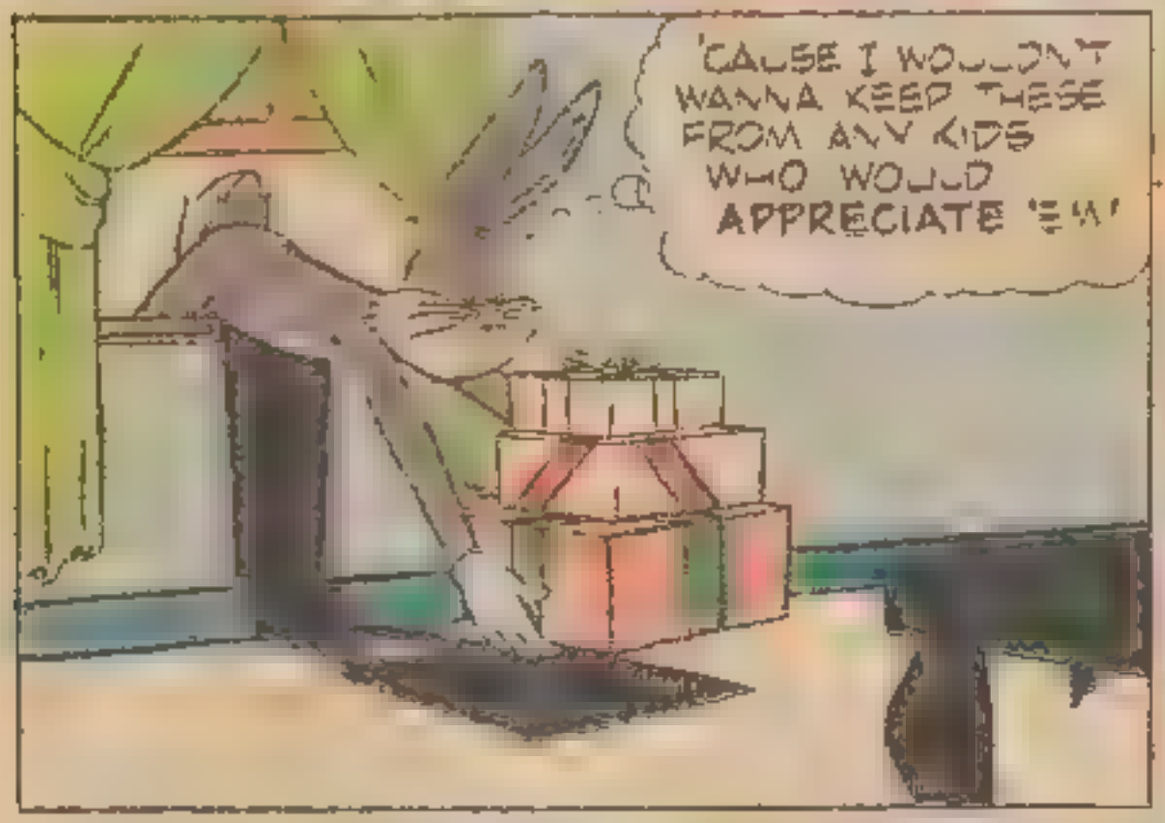

MY! MY! HOW NICE! ELMERS WRAPPIN' A BUNCH O' TOYS!

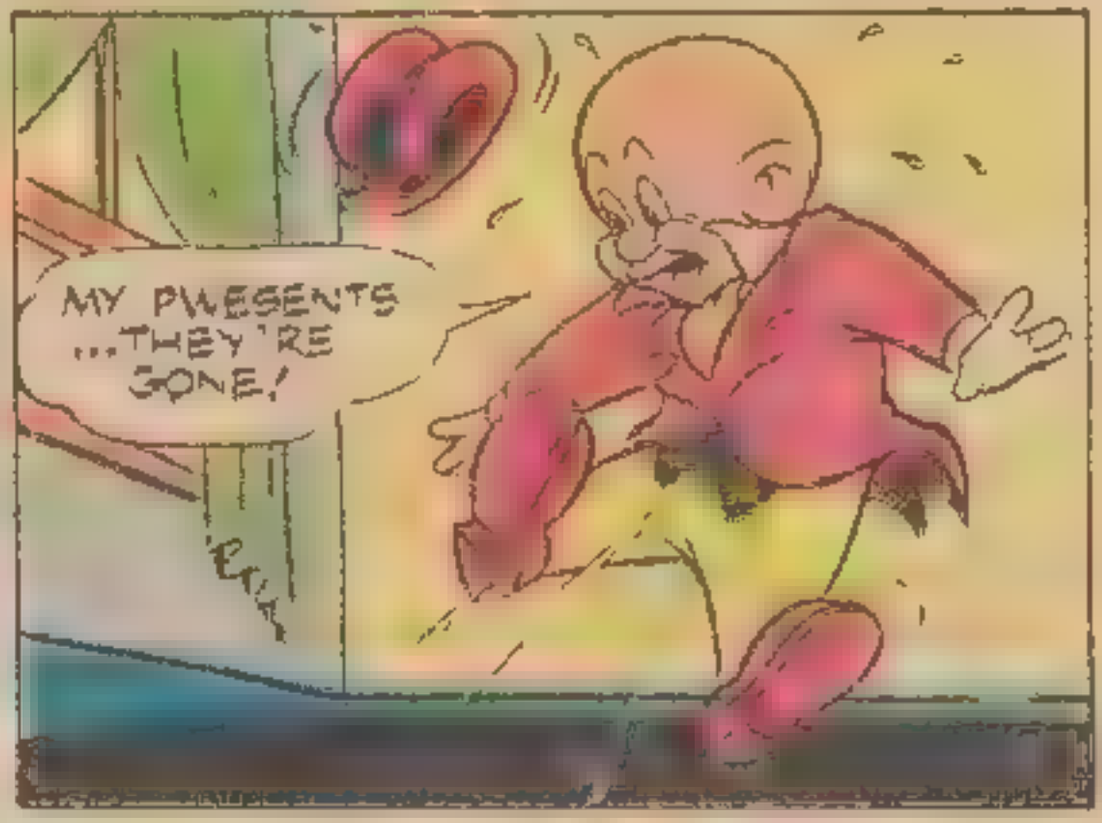

I HATE TO GIVE THESE PWESENTS
TO MY NEPHEWS AND NIECES!
THEY'RE SO SPOILED
ROTTEN!

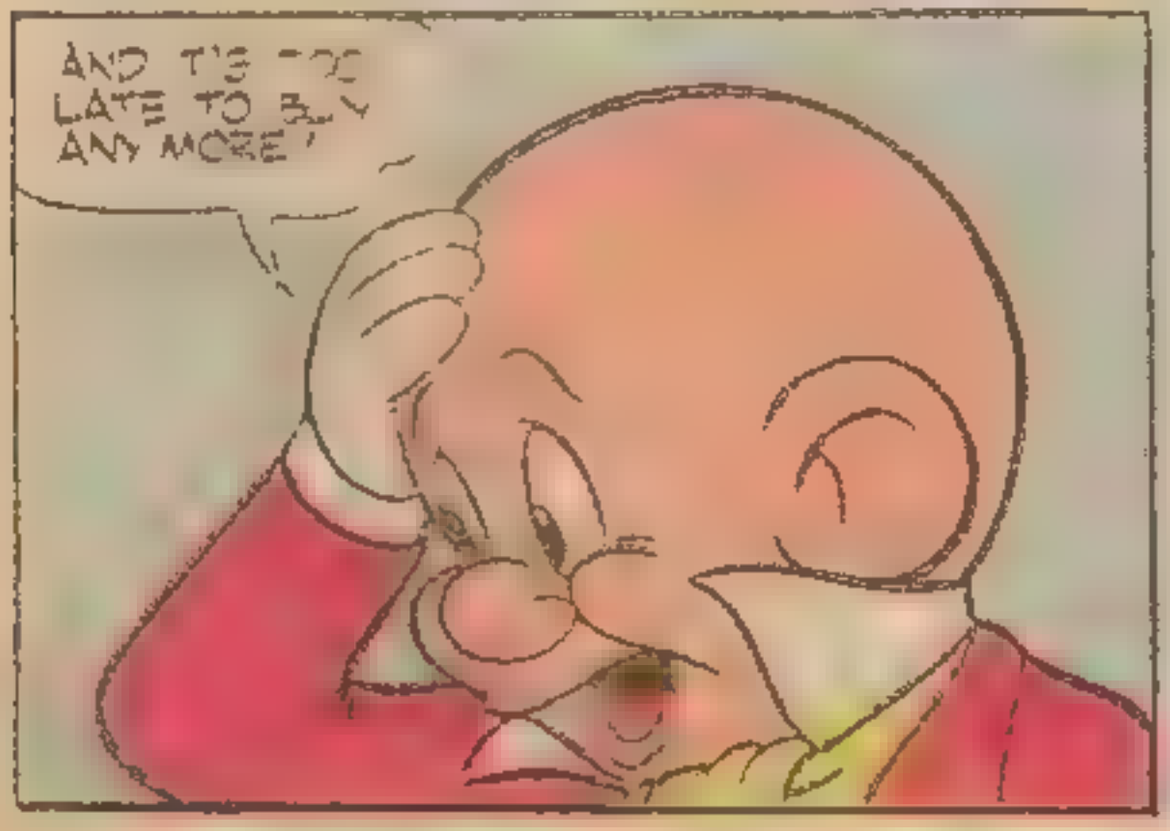

THEY GOT SO MANY TOYS
NOW THEY DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO DO
WITH 'EM!

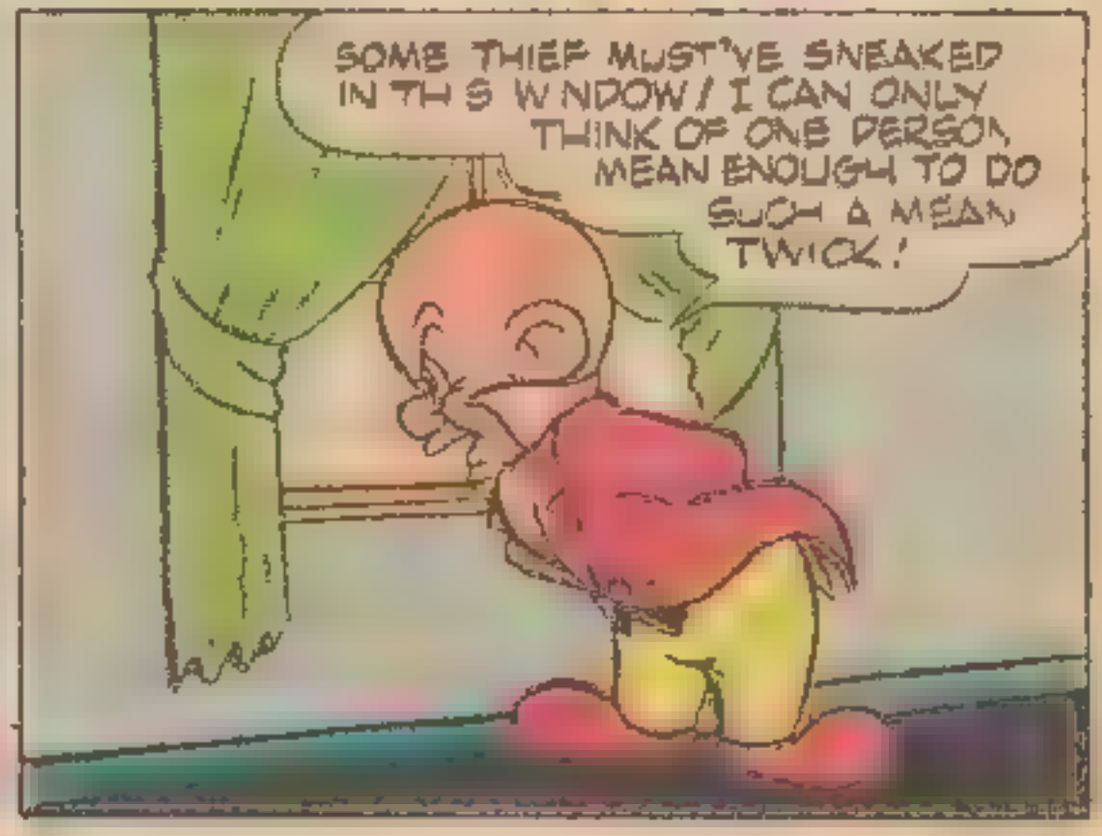

I'LL GET MY HAT AN' COAT AND
TELL 'EM, TOO BAD THEY
DON'T APPRECIATE
THESE REAL FINE
GIFTS!


KNOWIN' HIS
NIECES AND
NEPHEWS ARE
SPOILED BRATS
EASES MY
MIND!


'CAUSE I WOULDN'T
WANNA KEEP THESE
FROM ANY KIDS
WHO WOULD
APPRECIATE 'EM!


MY PWESENTS
...THEY'RE
GONE!


AND IT'S TOO
LATE TO BUY
ANY MORE!


SOME THIEF MUST'VE SNEAKED
IN THIS WINDOW! I CAN ONLY
THINK OF ONE PERSON
MEAN ENOUGH TO DO
SUCH A MEAN
TWICK!

THAT NIGHT...

WHAT A DWEAWY CHWISTMAS EVE THIS IS! NO TWEE - NO FWENDS - NO PWESENTS!

I COULD CWY WITHOUT EVEN HALF TWYING!

HIYA, DOC! GLAD YOU DIDN'T HAVE A FIWE GOING!

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF COMIN' DOWN MY CHIMNEY! YOU'RE NOT SANTA CLAUS!

...OSE!

BUT YOU ARE, DOC!

DON'T BE SILLY! I DIDN'T GIVE ONE PWESENT AWAY! SOMEBODY SWIPED 'EM... AND I THINK IT WAS YOU!

VER RIGHT! I TOOK 'EM AND I'M GLAD!

WAS YO...

HEH, HEH! JUST AS I FIGURED! NO SENSE OF HUMOR!

SWIPIN' CHWISTMAS PWESENTS FROM KIDS... THE LOWEST TWICK IN THE WORLD!

I CAN'T GET TOO FAR AHEAD OR WE'LL LOSE SIGHT O' ME!

OVER THIS WAY, DOC!

DON'T WORRY... I SEE YOU!

I'VE GOT YA NOW, YOU MISERABLE RABBIT!

BEFORE YOU DO ANYTHING HASTY, TAKE A LOOK IN THIS WINDOW!

MY TREE-MENDOUS PRESENTS ... MY PRESENTS!

RED!

IF IT HADN'T OF BEEN FOR YOU, THEY WOULDN'T HAVE HAD A CHRISTMAS! OF COURSE, I HAD A LITTLE SOMETHIN' TO DO WITH IT!

I'VE NEVER SEEN KIDS ENJOY THEIR TOYS MORE! THEY REALLY APPRECIATE THOSE TOYS!

BUGS, THOSE ARE THE WORST SELECTION OF TRICKS YOU EVER PLANTED ON ME! I'M GLAD YOU DO IT!

IT SO HAPPENS I HAVE A LITTLE PRESENT FOR YOU!

NOW ISN'T THAT A COINCIDENCE!

IT SO HAPPENS THAT I HAVE ONE FOR YOU, TOO, DOC!

It was early morning, the day before Christmas. Bugs Bunny scrunched along the snow-covered sidewalk. He was grinning from ear to ear. For, not only was he brimful of Christmas spirit, he had a big, BIG secret!

As Bugs neared Porky Pig's house, he saw Porky sleepily picking up the morning newspaper from the porch steps. "Hiya, Porky!" Bugs sang out.

"B-Bugs!" gasped Porky, staring in disbelief. "Wh-What are YOU d-doing out so early?"

"Tell ya later, chum!" chirped Bugs, hurrying on.

Elmer Fudd was shoveling the snow from his front walk when Bugs marched by, looking straight ahead and pretending not to see Elmer. "Gwacious!" exclaimed Elmer, leaning on his shovel. "That cwazy wabbit must be walking in his sleep!"

Bugs rounded the corner into Maple Street. Halfway down the block, he scooped up a handful of snow. This he rolled into a snowball as he walked on to Petunia Pig's house. Here, he took careful aim and threw the snowball—thump!—against the front door. Then he hurried on.

Reaching the corner, he glanced back to see Petunia standing on the porch, staring after him. "Hee hee!" chuckled Bugs. "I guess I've got 'em ALL dyin' of curiosity now!"

The Town Hall clock was chiming eight when Bugs walked into Kitkin's Toy Store.

"Good morning, Bugs," smiled Mr. Kitkin. "On time as usual, I see."

"Yes, sir." Bugs was most businesslike as he started toward the packing room

Mr. Kitkin stopped him. "A moment, Bugs. You'll have to make the deliveries today. Chuck is ill. You'll find the delivery list on my desk."

"Yes, sir." Bugs disappeared into the office.

As Bugs took the list from the desk, his eyes fell upon a large, securely-wrapped package standing in one corner of the office. The name printed on it was "BUGS BUNNY." Bugs grinned. Tonight, that package would belong to him. He had WORKED a whole week to pay for its contents.

At four o'clock that afternoon, Bugs, tired and cold, returned to the store... to find he had one more delivery to make before calling it a day.

"Yipe!" he groaned when he saw the address. "Rover's Farm—ten miles out!"

For a moment, he thought of refusing to go, but he remembered the large package in the office. So he squared his shoulders, piled Rover's packages into the truck, and took off.

He was still two miles from the farm when it began to snow. "Brrrr," shivered Bugs, turning on the windshield wipers. "This, ain't gonna be only a white Christmas, but a freezin' one."

It was snowing harder when Bugs turned into the lane leading to the Rovers' farmhouse. Light from a kitchen lamp was a broad yellow ribbon across the snow. Bugs felt warmer just seeing it. He hurried to carry the packages into the warm, cheerful kitchen.

"Goodness me!" Mrs. Rover ex-

claimed when she saw how cold he looked. "You're half-frozen! Sit down and have some hot chocolate before you start back."

Bugs shook his head. "Thanks, Mrs. Rover," he said, "but I've gotta get back to the store. Mr. Kitkin shuts up early on Christmas Eve, and I've got an awful important package to pick up."

Mrs. Rover smiled. "A Christmas present?"

"Four of 'em!" grinned Bugs. "THIS year, my friends'll sure be surprised!"

By now, the storm was first cousin to a blizzard. It was all Bugs could do to hold the little truck on the road. Snow piled up on the windshield, finally stopping the wipers. Bugs crawled out, wiped off the snow and went on. Suddenly, he felt the rear end of the truck start to slide. And the next thing he knew, the truck was standing, rear-end first, in a deep ditch.

Angry, discouraged, and chilled through, Bugs locked the truck and trudged down the road. He tried to run but the snow was too deep.

On and on he trudged. The wind and icy snow stung his face and brought tears to his eyes. After what seemed like hours, he heard the distant chime of the Town Hall clock—and realized the snow had almost stopped falling.

It had stopped completely by the time he reached Main Street. He looked up at the Town Hall clock. And his heart sank. 8:15! The store had been closed for almost three hours. But MAYBE Mr. Kitkin had been kept late by a rush of last-minute shoppers. Hoping against hope, he broke into a wobbly run that slowed to a staggering walk when he came in sight of the store windows—and saw they were dark. In spite of this, he rattled the door and walked around the building, trying to find some way to get inside. But every door and window was locked. His whole week's work was wasted! He thought of Petunia, and Porky, and Cicero, and Elmer. Right now, they must be enjoying the party at Petunia's. He had been invited, too. But he wouldn't go. Not without his package.

"This does it!" he told himself. "I'm never gonna work again. It don't pay!"

He was passing Petunia's brightly-lighted house, and feeling more miserable with every step, when the front door suddenly opened. Petunia and Porky, stocking-capped and mittened, came running out.

Petunia saw him. "Bugs! We were just coming to look for you. Where have you been? We've been worrying."

"I—Somethin' happened. I—I can't come—" Bugs stammered.

"Nonsense!" said Petunia. She took one of Bugs's arms and Porky took the other and, before he could say "Aye, yes, or no," they had practically pulled him into the house.

"Mewwy Christmas!" yelled Elmer.

"Merry Christmas!" shouted Cicero.

"Same to you," said Bugs weakly.

"Wh-What kept you?" asked Porky.

Bugs started to explain. But after half a dozen words, his voice faded and his eyes opened wide. There—under the lovely tree—lay the large, important package bearing the name "BUGS BUNNY." "My package!" he shouted.

"Mr. Kitkin dropped it off here on his way home," said Petunia. "He said you wanted it tonight."

"I sure do!" said Bugs, tearing off the paper and string and disclosing a pile of gaily-wrapped boxes. As he added them to those already under the tree, he went on: "Usually, I come up against Christmas without a buck to buy any of my friends a present. This year, I decided things'd be diff'rent. So I went to work for—"

"WORK??" The other four exclaimed together.

Bugs nodded. "Isn't it a riot?" he grinned. "Me! Workin'!"

"I think it's wonderful," said Petunia. "We really have a lot of nice things to celebrate this Christmas!"

Bugs looked at the four smiling faces of his friends. "That goes for me, too!" he said in such a quiet voice it didn't sound a bit like Bugs Bunny speaking. But at Christmas Time, everything—and everybody—is a wee bit different, you know.

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.

present

SYLVESTER

SYLVESTER SHOULD BETTER GO AWAY... I HEARD MA MOTHER TALKING ON THE PHONE AN' SHE'S GONE TO MAKE TROUBLE FOR YOU!

RATTLE CLANG!

HUH? WHAT'S THAT, KID?

RELAX, KID! WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?

SHE CALLED THE POLICE! THEY'RE GOING TO ARREST YOU FOR VAGRANCY!

VAGRANCY? WHY, I AIN'T DONE ANYTHING!

THAT'S JUST 'CAUSE MOM SAYS YOU NEVER DO ANYTHING BUT RUMMAGE AROUND GARBAGE CANS!

SO! YOU NO-GOOD ALLEY CAT! GO AWAY AND LEAVE MY TEENY ALONE!

OH, OH! SO LONG, KID!

DO YOU HAVE TO HANG AROUND GARBAGE CANS? YOU'D BETTER GET YOURSELF A JOB, YOU NO-GOOD LOAFER, OR YOU'LL BE IN REAL TROUBLE!

COME, TEENY ... I DON'T WANT YOU TO ASSOCIATE WITH SUCH A DISREPUTABLE ALLEY CAT!

BUT, MOTHER

SOUNDS LIKE TEENY HAD THE RIGHT DOPE! I'D BETTER GET A JOB BEFORE SHE DOES HAVE ME ARRESTED!

THAT KID ALWAYS GETTIN' ME IN TROUBLE! NOW I GOTTA GET A JOB!

AH-HA! AS LONG AS I GOTTA WORK, I CAN'T THINK OF A BETTER PLACE THAN A FISH MARKET!

BOY WANTED

SURE KEEP THE PLACE SWEPT UP, AN' I'LL GIVE YOU FOUR DOLLARS A WEEK!

IT'S A DEAL GUV'NOR!

THIS JOB IS A NATURAL! I WON'T HAFTA GO LOOKIN' FOR MY DINNER! HERE IT IS!

ALL COD COD

EXACTLY ONE DAY LATER

NO SENSE IN EATIN' SCRAPS WHEN I CAN HAVE TH' BLUE PLATE SPECIAL!

YOU ROBBER! GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I CALL THE POLICE!

OL WELL NO BUSINESS TYPICAL EVER HAD AN EASY START!

PLOP!

HEY WHERE'S MY NICKEL?

TAKE IT EASY SONNY I'M JUST BREAKING IT IN

I'LL FIND AN EVEN BETTER JOB IN TH' WANT ADS!

HOT ZIGGITY! JUST TH' SPOT FOR ME!

THIS LOOKS LIKE A FINE OPPORTUNITY FER A FELLER OF MY STUPOR-INTELLIGENCE!

YAWSS?

I'M YOUR NEW GARDNER, GUV'NOR!

MADAM WILL SEE YOU IN THE DRAWING ROOM! KINDLY WIPE YOUR FEET!

DRAWING ROOM? THESE ARTISTS REALLY COIN TH' DOUGH!

OH, OH! [illegible]

NOW, THEN, YOUNG MAN! YOU WILL BE IN CHARGE OF THE SOUTH GREEN-HOUSE! YOUR SALARY WILL BE TEN DOLLARS A WEEK, WITH ROOM AND BOARD!

I HOPE YOU KEEP HIM TIED UP!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT PERCIVAL! HE'S GENTLE AS A KITTEN!

IF THAT MANGY HOUND IS GENTLE, THEN I'M A GORILLA'S UNCLE!

AH, THIS [illegible] I'LL BUY TESS'S MOTHER A BOX OF CANDY FOR FORCIN' ME INTO THIS!

PERCIVAL! COME BACK HERE!

BOMBS AWAY! I KNEW THIS SETUP WAS TOO GOOD TO LAST!

YOU CLUMSY OAF! YOU ARE DISCHARGED! GET OUT!

LOOKS LIKE SHE COULDA LET ME LEAVE IN A MORE D.GNIFIED MANNER!

OH, WELL THERE'S LOTS OF OTHER JOBS! HEY...HERE'S ONE FOR A BABY SITTER

BUT WHEN SYLVESTER APPLES...

I MUST GO OUT VERY OFTEN AND I NEED SOMEONE TO TAKE CARE OF PERCIVAL, JR.!

OH NO! I AIN'T GOIN THROUGH THAT AGAIN WHAT IF HIS PAPA DECIDED TO PAY HIM A VISIT?

DID YOU FIND A JOB YET, MISTER SYLVESTER?

NOT YET, KID, AN' I'M GETTIN' MIGHTY TIRED OF LOOKIN'!

PARK

BUT YOU'VE GOT TO FIND A JOB QUICK! MOM HAS REPORTED YOU TO THE POLICE AND

HEY, YOU! GOT ANY MONEY? GOT A JOB? OKAY, I'M ARRESTIN' YOU FOR VAGRANCY!

NO!

OH, MY!

OH, WELL! NO WORK, NO WORRIES! A PLACE TO EAT AN' SLEEP! NOT BAD!

COME ON, YOU! YOU'LL HAVE TO WORK FOR YOUR ROOM AND BOARD AROUND HERE!

INTO EACH LIFE SOME RAIN MUST FALL, BUT THIS IS BEGINNIN' TO LOOK LIKE A CLOUDBURST!

NEXT MORNING..

I ADVISE YOU TO GET A JOB, YOUNG MAN, BECAUSE THE NEXT TIME, I'LL GIVE YOU SIX MONTHS OF HARD LABOR!

BUT GUV'NOR, YOUR HONOR... I TRED TO GET A JOB! HONEST I DO!

IF YOU REALLY WANT ONE, FILL OUT THIS APPLICATION, AND I THINK WE CAN HELP YOU!

LOOKS LIKE WORK HAS FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH ME!

OKAY! REPORT TO TH' WEST SIDE OF CITY HALL TOMORROW MORNING AT TWO A.M.!

CLERK

TWO A.M.! THAT'S TH' MIDDLE OF TH' NIGHT! I QUIT!

THAT'S WHEN I DO MY BEST BACK FENCE SINGIN'! .T'S UN-CAT-STITUTIONAL! .IT'S. .IT'S .ER . HELLO, OFFICER!

ON SECOND THOUGHT GUV'NOR I ACCEPTS WITH PLEASURE!

VERY EARLY THE NEXT MORN NG...

GET AWAY FROM MY TEENY, YOU RASCAL! YOU LOAFER! YOU. .

WAKE UP, MOTHER! YOU WERE HAVING A BAD DREAM!

INDEED I WAS! I DREAMED SYLVESTER WAS BACK AGAIN RUMMAGING AROUND IN OUR . GARBAGE CAN!

HEAVENS! MAYBE IT WASN'T A DREAM! SOMEBODY'S OUT THERE RIGHT NOW!

RATTLE! CRASH! BANG!

EEK...IT'S SYLVESTER! AND HE'S STILL HANG NG AROUND GARBAGE CANS!

YEP! ONLY NOW I M GTT N' PAID FOR T, MA'AM!

SN'T HE WONDERFUL, MOTHER?

WARNER BROS CARTOONS, INC.

MARY JANE and Sniffles

I'LL FINISH THIS PACKAGE AND THEN THERE'S ONLY ONE MORE LEFT TO DO.

MERRY CHRIST[illegible] MARY JANE! I HELP YOU?

HIYA HELLO, SNIFFLES.

YOU CAN UNROLL SOME OF THAT RIBBON FOR ME, IF YOU LKE, WHILE I WRITE A GFT CARD FOR SANTA CLAUS.

INK!

FOR SANTA CLAUS? HOW CO E YOU'RE GIVING HIM PREEN?

WELL, YOU SEE.

HE'S ALWAYS BEEN SO GOOD TO ME, I WANT TO DO SOMETHING IN RETURN

SO I KNITTED THESE MITTENS FOR HIM

SEE THEY'RE SUPER.

BUT HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE 'EM TO HIM?

JUST LEAVE THEM UNDER THE TREE, I GUESS!

SAY, WHY DON'T WE DELIVER THE MITTENS TO THE NORTH POLE OURSELVES? IT'D BE LOTS OF FUN.

OH SNIFFLES, COULD WE?

SURE. JUST MAKE YOURSELF SMALL LIKE ME, AND I'LL TAKE YOU.

OKAY

NOW I SHUT MY EYES REAL TIGHT, AND I WISH WITH ALL MY MIGHT, MAGIC WORDS OF POOF, POOF PFFLES MAKE WE JUST AS SMALL AS SNIFFLES

C'MON, MARY JANE, TAKE HOLD OF MY HAND AND CLOSE YOUR EYES AGAIN AND LET'S GO

NORTH POLE

OH-H-H HERE WE ARE.

HURRY! SANTA'S GETTING READY TO LEAVE!

OH, SNIFFLES! LOOK.

THEY MUST BE SANTA'S HELPERS.

MERRY CHRISTMAS! I'M JIGGETY!

HELLO!! MARY JANE AND SNIFFLES

WE CAME TO BRING SANTA A PRESENT SEE?

HO HO THAT'S A GREAT IDEA, ALL RIGHT. YOU'LL FIND HIM IN THE WORKSHOP! GO RIGHT IN!

OH, SNIFFLES. LOOK AT ALL THE BEAUTIFUL DOLLS.

AW, C'MON, MARY JANE. THAT'S SISSY STUFF.

BUT, SA-A-Y, THIS IS KEEN!

WE HAVEN'T GOT TIME FOR ALL THESE MACHINES, SNIFFLES! WE'VE GOT TO FIND SANTA CLAUS!

LATER...

WE'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE ELSE, MARY JANE! MAYBE HE'S DOWN THIS WAY.

OH SNIFFLES, WE'VE JUST GOT TO FIND HIM!

HERE'S HIS OFFICE! MAYBE HE'S INSIDE!

SANTA CLAUS PRIVATE

I'LL KNOCK ON THE DOOR:

KNOCK! KNOCK!

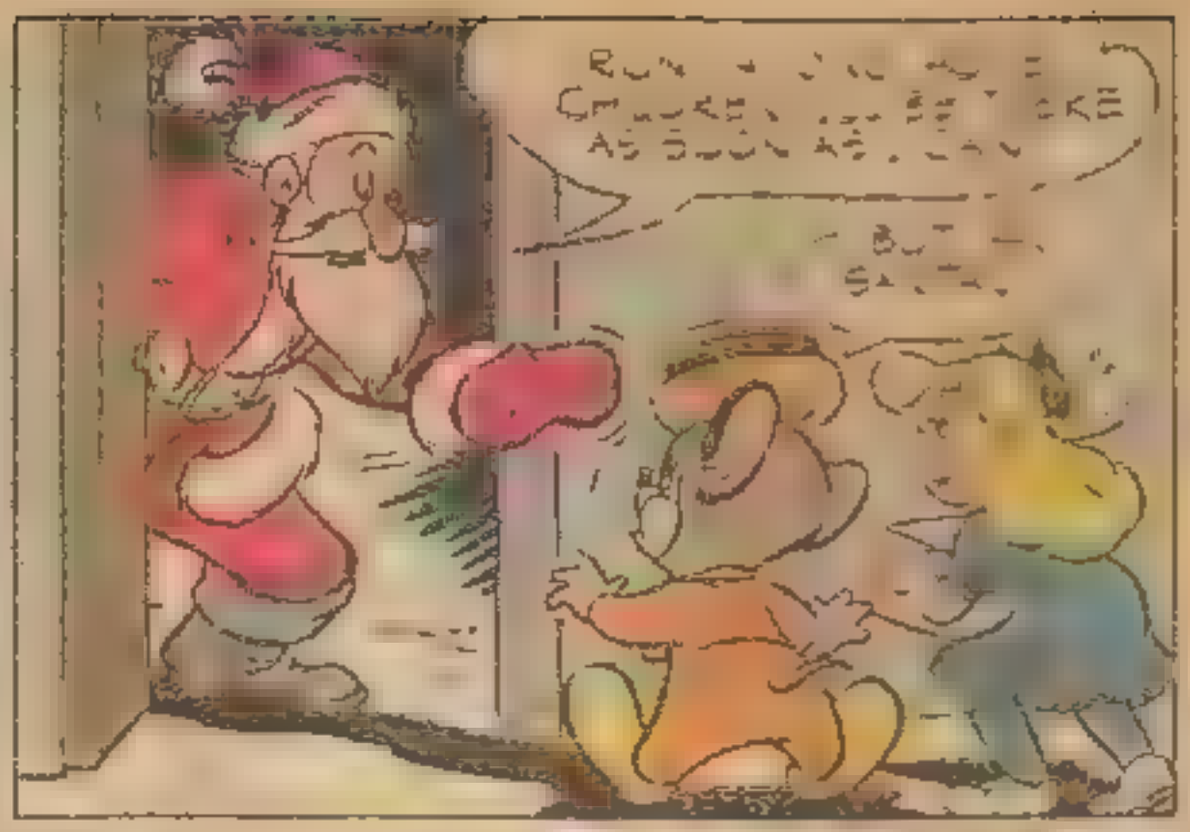
GO AWAY, WHOEVER IT IS:

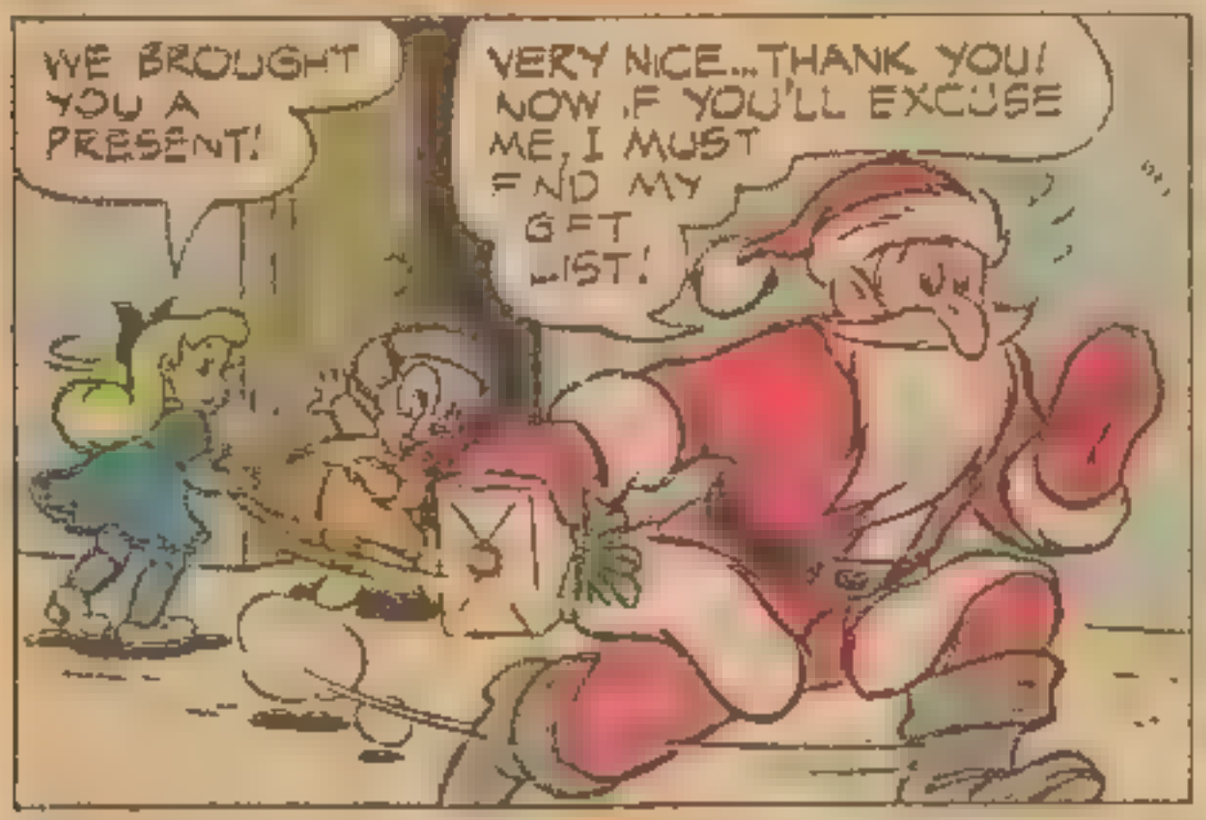
GOLLY, HE SOUNDS MAD!

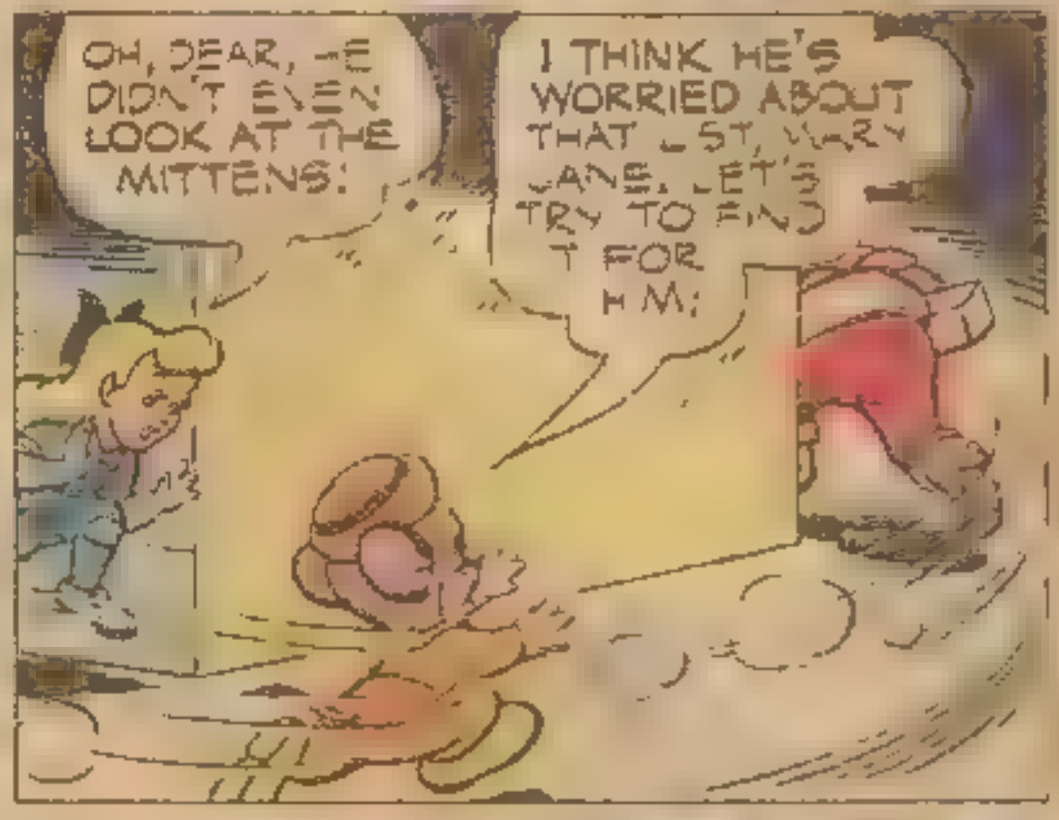
OH, SNIFFLES! THAT CAN'T BE SANTA .. HE WOULDN'T BE SO CROSS!

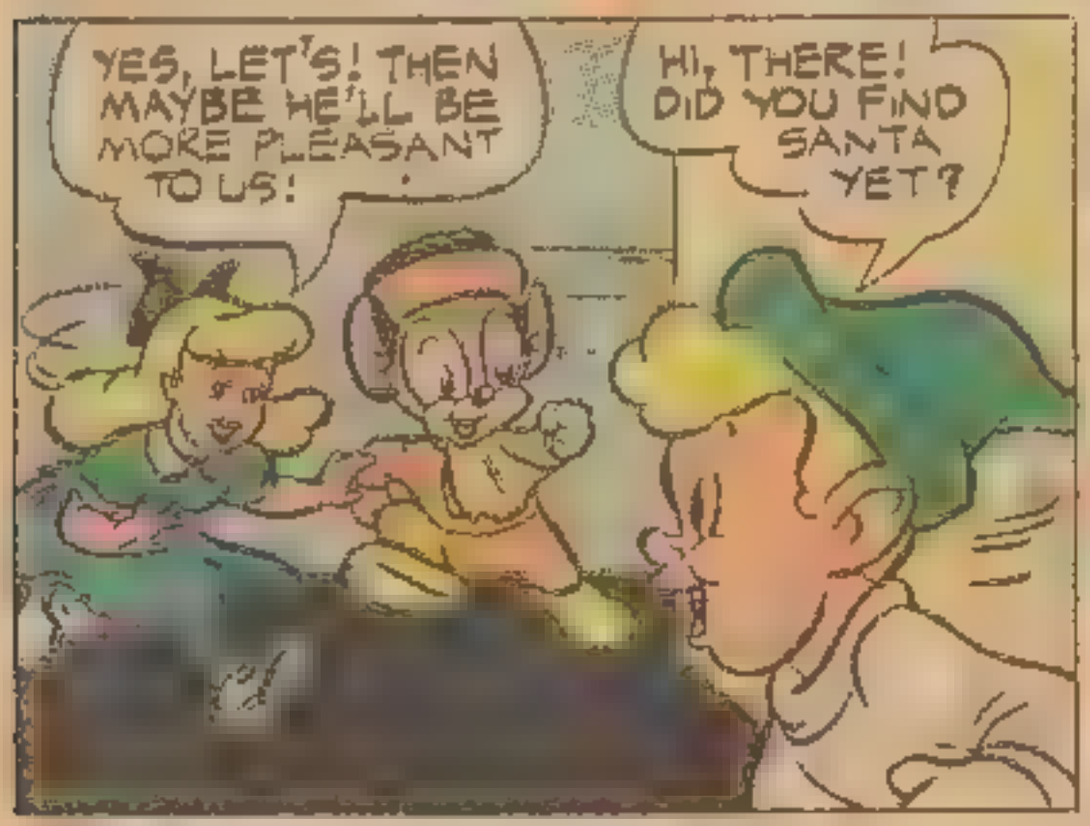
I'M GONNA FIND OUT!

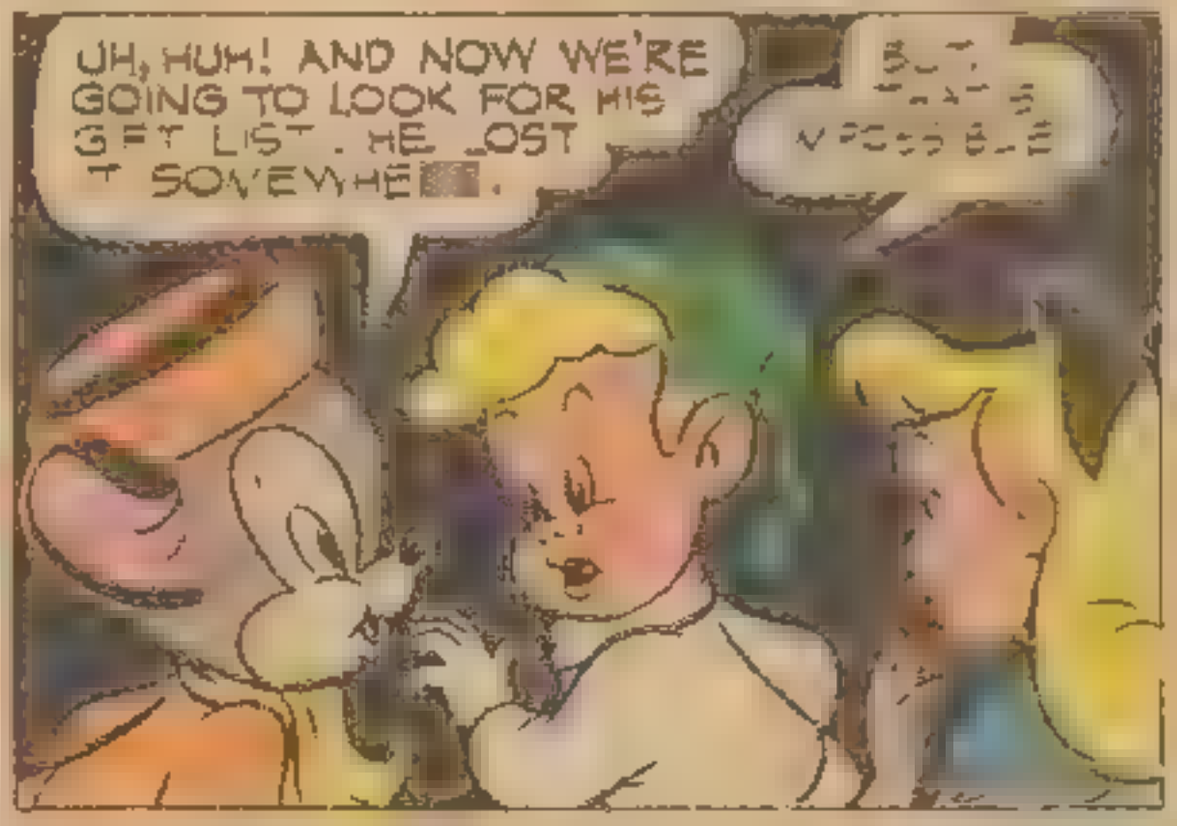
IT'S SANTA, ALL RIGHT, HE'S LOOKING FOR SOMETHING.
THEN KNOCK AGAIN, SNIFFLES

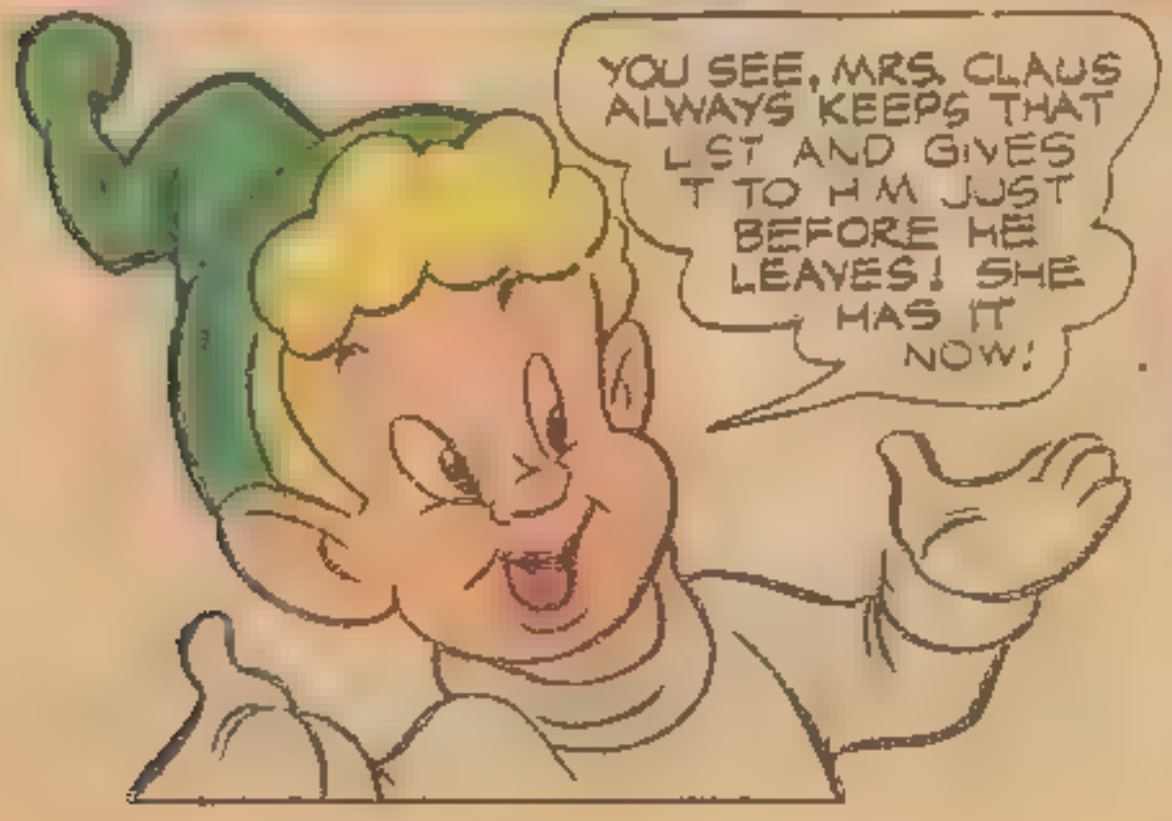

RUN A CHECK AND BE CHECKED OFF THE LIST AS SOON AS I CAN
BUT MR. SANTA

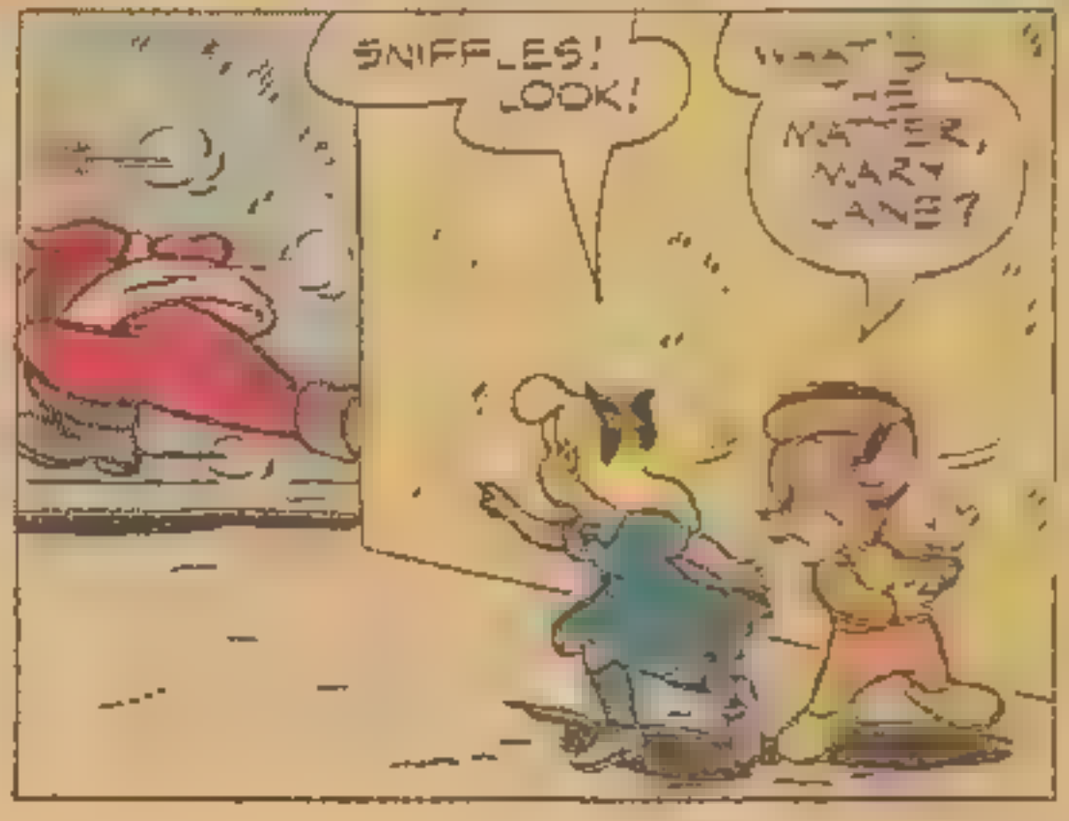

WE BROUGHT YOU A PRESENT!
VERY NICE...THANK YOU! NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I MUST FIND MY GIFT LIST!


OH, DEAR, HE DIDN'T EVEN LOOK AT THE MITTENS!
I THINK HE'S WORRIED ABOUT THAT LOST, MARY JANE. LET'S TRY TO FIND IT FOR HIM!


YES, LET'S! THEN MAYBE HE'LL BE MORE PLEASANT TO US!
HI, THERE! DID YOU FIND SANTA YET?


UH, HUM! AND NOW WE'RE GOING TO LOOK FOR HIS GIFT LIST. HE LOST IT SOMEWHERE.
BUT, THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE


YOU SEE, MRS. CLAUS ALWAYS KEEPS THAT LIST AND GIVES IT TO HIM JUST BEFORE HE LEAVES! SHE HAS IT NOW!


SNIFFLES! LOOK!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, MARY JANE?

THAT MAN! HE'S NOT SANTA CLAUS AT ALL!

HUH? HOW D'YOJ KNOW?

I LOOKED AT HIM CLOSELY JUST THEN AND HE'S WEARING A FALSE BEARD!

GOLLY! THEN HE MUST BE A THEF, TRYING TO STEAL ALL THE TOYS!

YES, YES, THAT'S IT! QUICK, SNIFFLES, FIND MRS. CLAUS! I'LL TRY TO STOP THAT MAN!

WAIT! MRS. CLAUS IS BRINGING THE GIFT LIST AND...

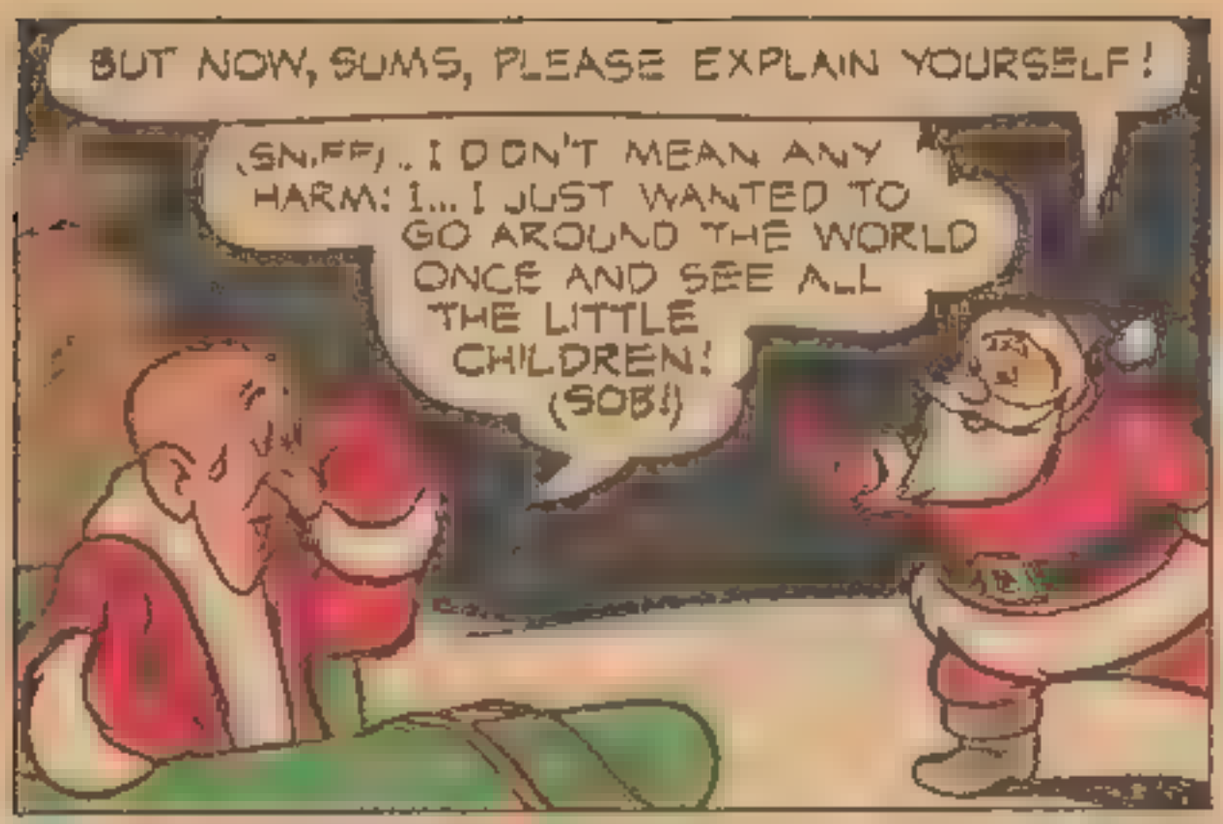
I DON'T NEED IT.

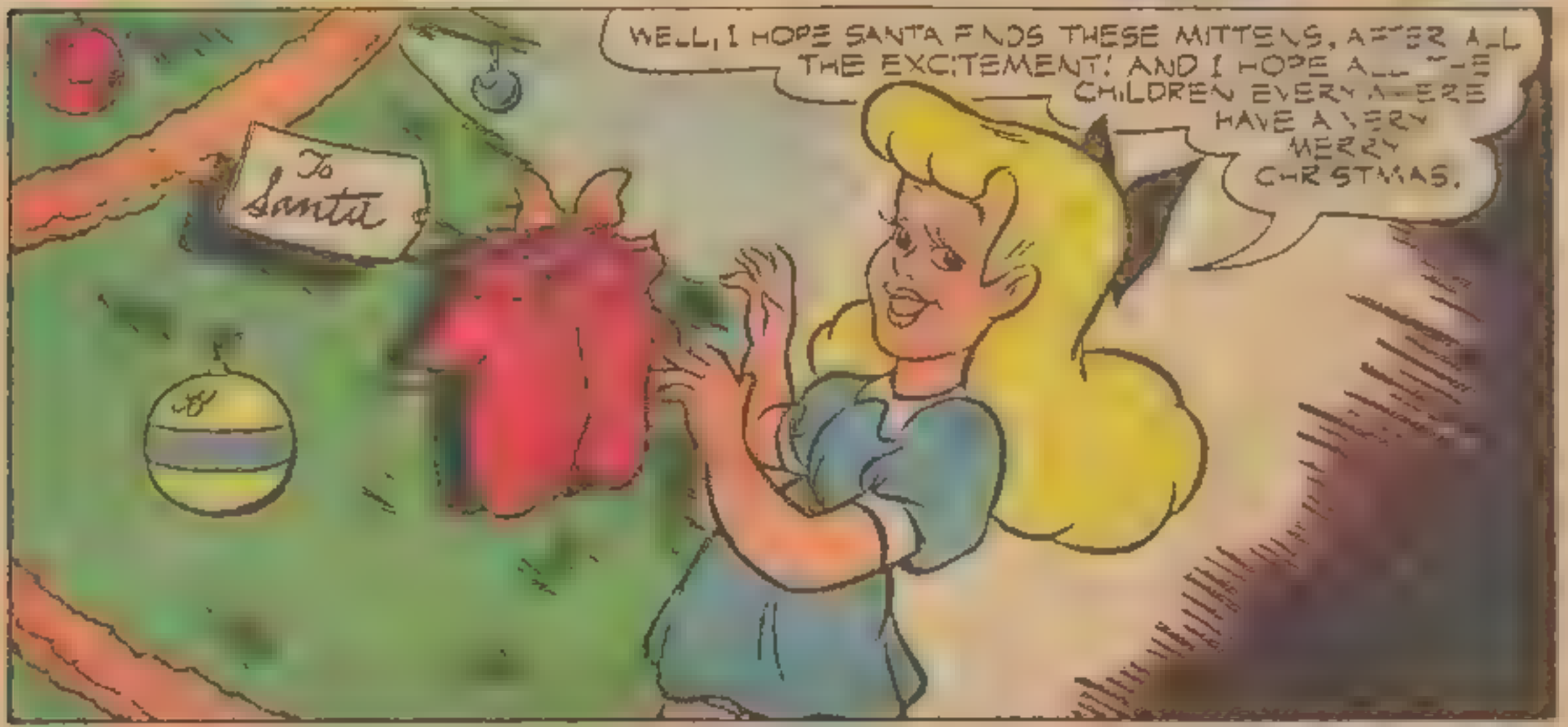
COME, DANCER AND PRANCER, JR CUPID. GET JR YOU LAZY CREATURES!

STOP H M; HE SN'T SANTA CLAUS, HE...

OF COURSE, HE ISN'T!

IT'S SUMS, MY BOOKKEEPER! AND IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU TWO CH _DREN, HE'D BE GONE BY NOW.


BUT NOW, SUMS, PLEASE EXPLAIN YOURSELF!
(SNIFF) .. I DON'T MEAN ANY HARM! I... I JUST WANTED TO GO AROUND THE WORLD ONCE AND SEE ALL THE LITTLE CHILDREN! (SOB!)


WELL, I HOPE SANTA FINDS THESE MITTENS, AFTER ALL THE EXCITEMENT! AND I HOPE ALL THE CHILDREN EVERYWHERE HAVE A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS.
To Santa

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) Showing the Ownership, Management and Circulation of Dell Publishing Company, Inc., published monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1946.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the Dell Publishing Company, Inc., and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Editor, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Managing Editor, None. Business manager, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as stockholders and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September 1946.
JEANNETTE S. GREEN
(Seal) (My Commission Expires March 30, 1948)

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC. present

HENERY HAWK

WELL, I'VE EATEN UP THE SPINACH, 'N' CARROTS, 'N' POTATOES 'N' TURNIPS, 'N' PEAS!

JEEPERS! I'M SO FULL I CAN HARDLY MOVE!

BUT THAT WON'T STOP ME FROM DOIN' MY EXERCISES!

... FOURTEEN, FIFTEEN, ;GROAN!; SIXTEEN!

...TWENTY-EIGHT, TWENTY-NINE, THIRTY! WHEW!

NOW FOR MY ROAD WORK! THREE MILES SHOULD BE ENOUGH FOR TODAY!

DO YOU SMELL SMOKE, HENERY?

SMOKE? NO! WHY?

WELL, AREN'T YOU GOING TO A FIRE?

NO! I'M JUST RUNNIN'! IT'S PART OF MY TRAININ' PROGRAM!

PLANNIN' TO HAVE A FIGHT WITH SOMEONE, PERHAPS?

NOPE!

I'M JUST TRYIN' TO GROW UP IN A HURRY!

I'M GONNA BE THE BIGGEST, STRONGEST CHICKEN HAWK IN THE WHOLE WORLD!

MY! MY!

YOU SEE, I'VE BEEN EATIN' SIX MEALS A DAY! SO I FIGURE I'LL BE TWICE AS BIG AT THE END OF THIS WEEK!

LET'S MARK YOUR PRESENT HEIGHT ON THIS POST! THEN WE CAN TELL IF YOUR PLAN IS WORKING!

GOOD IDEA, OLLIE!

ALL RIGHT! I HAVE IT MARKED!

DON'T BE SURPRISED, IF I'M LOTS BIGGER NEXT TIME YOU SEE ME!

PERHAPS... BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO PROVE IT TO ME! IF YOU'RE TALLER THAN THAT MARK THE NEXT TIME WE MEASURE YOU... THEN I'LL BELIEVE IT!

DON'T WORRY! THE NEXT TIME YOU SEE ME, I'LL BE TWICE AS BIG, I BETCHA!

IT MIGHT BE BETTER IF YOU WERE TWICE AS SMART NEXT TIME!

WHO CARES ABOUT BEIN' SMART? GIVE ME BRAWN OVER BRAINS ANY DAY!

MEANWHILE, AT THE HAWK HOUSE...

I'M WORRIED ABOUT HENERY, PAPA! HE EXERCISES AND EATS ALL DAY LONG!

I WENT THROUGH THAT STAGE ONCE MYSELF WHEN I WAS HIS AGE!

HE'S MERELY TRYING TO GROW UP TO BE A BIG CHICKEN HAWK IN A HURRY!

LLE NEWS

BUT HE SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN THAT! NOTHING HE CAN DO WILL MAKE HIM GROW ANY FASTER!

I KNOW...

BUT LET'S NOT DISCOURAGE HIM! HE'LL GET OVER IT-SOON ENOUGH! LET'S LET HIM THINK HE'S GETTING BIGGER!

HI, POP! HI, MOM! WHEN DO WE EAT? I'M STARVED!

MY, MY! I MUST NEED NEW GLASSES, MAMA! OUR LITTLE BOY DOESN'T SEEM SO LITTLE ANY MORE!

YOUR GLASSES ARE OKAY, POP! IT'S JUST ME! I DECIDED TO SUDDENLY GROW UP!

AT THE END OF THE WEEK..

WELL, DO YOU NOTICE ANY DIFFERENCE IN ME, OLLIE?

WELL... YOUR FACE, IS CLEAN

NO! NOT MY FACE! ME! ALL OF ME! I'M BIGGER! EVEN MY POP NOTICED IT!

YOU'LL HAVE TO PROVE IT TO ME, HENERY!

HEAVENS TO BETSY! YOU'RE A WHOLE HEAD TALLER!

SEE! I TOLD YOU SO!

DEAR ME! WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO DO, NOW THAT YOU'RE SO MUCH BIGGER... LOOK FOR TROUBLE?

I'M NOT SURE YET! BUT IF ANY-ONE GETS IN MY WAY, THEY'D BETTER WATCH OUT!

IT JUST SO HAPPENS THAT I SAW OZZIE OSTRICH DOWN THE ROAD A FEW MINUTES AGO!

OZZIE?

OH, BOY! I'VE JUST BEEN ITCHIN' TO TRY OUT MY BULGIN' MUSCLES ON THAT GUY!

OF COURSE, I WOULDN'T THINK OF STARTIN' A FIGHT! BUT IF HE SHOULD START IT, I'LL SURE FINISH IT!

WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T LITTLE HENERY!

DON'T CALL ME LITTLE! I'M LOTS BIGGER THAN I USED T' BE!

OH, COME, COME, HENERY! YOU'RE THE SAME SIZE AS YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN!

I AM NOT! I'M A WHOLE HEAD TALLER!

VERY WELL... SO YOU'RE A HEAD TALLER! I DON'T CARE!

OH! SO YOU WANNA MAKE SOMETHIN' OUT OF IT, HUH?

TUT TUT, HENERY! I COULDN'T ENGAGE IN FISTICUFFS WITH YOU! YOU'RE MUCH TOO SMALL!

TOO SMALL!?

TAKE THAT!

SWISH!

POW! BIFF! WHAP! SOCK!

I'M DREADFULLY SORRY ABOUT THIS INCIDENT, HENERY! BUT PERHAPS YOU HAVE LEARNED A LESSON FROM IT!

TWEET!

TWEET!

TWEET!

I MERELY MOVED THE MARK DOWN SO YOU'D THINK YOU WERE BIGGER! TEE HEE!
YOU MEAN YOU LET ME PICK A FIGHT WITH OZZIE, KNOWIN' I WAS AS LITTLE AS EVER?
NOW, HENERY! IT WAS ALL IN FUN...
SORRY, HENERY... BUT YOU FORCED ME TO DEFEND MYSELF!
THAT SETTLES IT! IT'S A CINCH I'M NO BIGGER... NOW I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER IF I'M SHRINKIN'!

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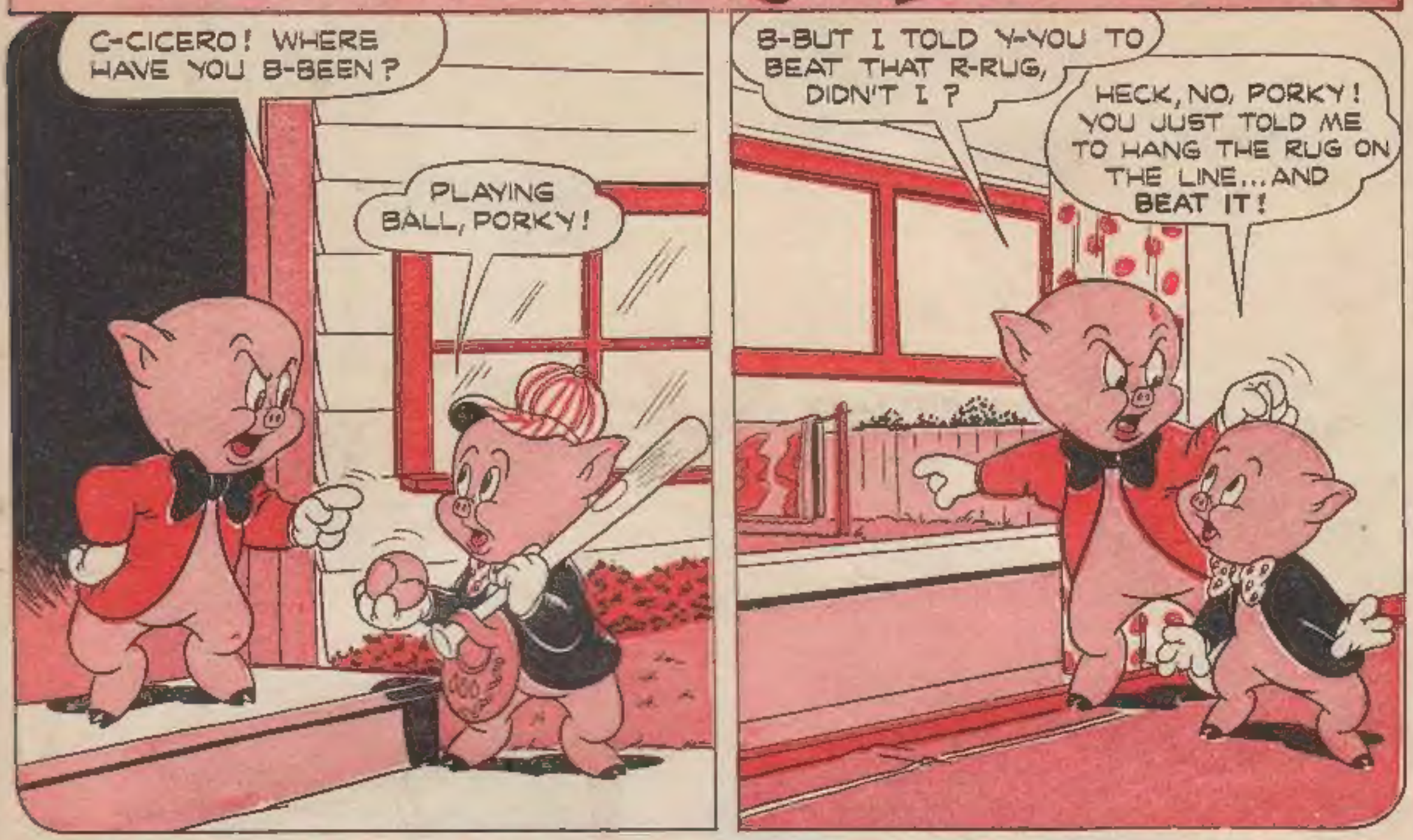
C-CICERO! WHERE HAVE YOU B-BEEN?
PLAYING BALL, PORKY!
B-BUT I TOLD Y-YOU TO BEAT THAT R-RUG, DIDN'T I?
HECK, NO, PORKY! YOU JUST TOLD ME TO HANG THE RUG ON THE LINE... AND BEAT IT!

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